

LEND A HAND.

A RECORD OF PROGRESS.

VOL. V.

MARCH, 1890.

NO. 3.

PAUPERISM.

It seems to be almost always forgotten by the people at work on charity in large cities that the disease of pauperism has never been endemic in this country. When the scientific student of it speaks of the abolition of pauperism, the average writer for the press sneers, as if there must be in every place a chronic class of people, perpetuating their misfortunes in their descendants.

On the other hand, the normal condition of an American town is that of prosperity, and it shall frequently happen that there is nobody in the poor-house, and that there is no one person in the town who is in need of alms to be given by another. In a curious letter just now exhumed from the Auckland manuscripts, the tory Paul Wentworth, writing to William Eden, says of the three million people who had defied King George on this side of the Atlantic, "A little while ago not a beggar was to be found among them, and in some districts no poor-rate." We are all poor, Heaven knows, and everybody needs some help from others; but in a town of ordinary prosperity, with the constant demand for labor which America offers, the condition of things which we have described is frequently found. In the town of Vineland, New Jersey, when the population was ten thousand people, they reported that their expenses for charities and correction were seventy-five dollars, this being the amount which was given

for a year to the one policeman employed, and it would seem that this man had found little or nothing to do.

Now the problem of the large cities is to bring in this state of things as far as possible. All our schemes of organization and relief ought to look this way. Undoubtedly, the problem is very much complicated, because, as soon as we leave the country and come into the city, we leave light to come into darkness. In the country everybody knows everybody; you cannot see a cabin standing by itself, as you drive by, without at least wondering who lives in it. And the mild police of the neighborhood—though only conducted by the curiosity of people who, having little to think of, must, because they are human beings, inquire as to the mysteries around them—is sufficient to make us sure that nobody starves to death in such a cabin. But we go and come, in a city like New York or Boston, only oppressed by the congested amount of human life around us, and quite careless as to whether two hundred seventeen people are living in a particular tenement-house, or only one hundred ninety-four.

When Colonel Ingham visited Sybaris, he found that that civilized city had disposed of this difficulty by forbidding stair-builders to live within its limits. Everybody had to live on the first story of his house, or under the open sky. This was a short-hand method of approaching the difficult problem; but, really, in a country like this, where in many places could be found ten thousand square miles of good land without a human being living upon them, one feels that the Sybarites of Colonel Ingham's experience were nearer the solution of the problem than we are when we raise a tenement-house of twelve stories to seventeen, and place a placard on the door at the bottom that no family with more than three children is admitted. The whole crowded system of our cities brings about: first, physical disease; second, moral contamination; and third, immense difficulty in establishing the mutual relations of society. The right hand cannot wash the left hand; the prosperous find it very difficult to know the needs of those who are not prosperous; the stranger remains a stranger, and

all the humanities of social life are checked, if not made impossible, by the mere circumstances of external condition.

In the worst days of English administration they had a heavy window-tax. With the tradition which still lingered, in what was called English statesmanship, that the poor must not be ground to death, houses which had but five windows were exempted from the payment of this tax. The consequence was that there grew up in the neighborhood of the large cities long streets of little houses which had but five windows. This was because the window-tax was so high that it was worth men's while to escape it by building separate houses. What are called the five-room houses of Chicago, and the somewhat similar houses which make the glory of Philadelphia, remind one of these five-window houses in the neighborhood of Manchester and the other large towns of those days. But after the Reform Parliaments came into existence, people began to agitate for the removal of the window-tax, and at last succeeded, in the year 1851, if Miss Martineau is right in her dates. Undoubtedly the repeal was in the direction of sound finance, and probably of humanity; but the immediate consequence was the growth of the whole system of tenement-houses, which had been so far checked by the window legislation. And the reformers who brought it about had to ask themselves the question whether it were not better for every man to live under his own vine and fig tree, and whether, on the whole, Satan had not won a side-point in the battle, when he succeeded in crowding people together at the rate of several hundred under the same roof in the close street of a city.

Oddly enough, it is exactly the same conservative set of people, who fought to the last trench to maintain the window-tax, who would say to-day that the Government had no business to be so paternal as to regulate the number of people who shall live in a certain number of square feet. Unconsciously they did what consciously they are not willing to do. But they are not very important people, after all, in a country like this. This nation, and the several States which make

up this nation, must see to it, first of all, that the health and strength of the people are secured. It would be difficult to say how far the powers of the people of New York, for instance, go, in the direction of securing the physical and moral health of the individual citizen of New York. This is certain, that, as an old Greek proverb says, "the city is disgraced when the citizen suffers." Let us bear that in mind — the State is disgraced, when you read of a single citizen what may be read in the next article in this journal with regard to the boys and girls who are growing up in the Eighth Assembly District in the city of New York. And any legislation which compels people to live so that their children shall have fresh air, enough exercise, and the light of heaven, is legislation within the constitutional power of the Assembly of the State of New York. All this belongs to the mere instinct of self-preservation. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts cannot long exist if its people are dying; the State of New York cannot long exist if men cannot grow to be six feet high, and if women cannot bring children into the world. The physical and moral health of the people is literally the foundation of the whole affair.

All this means that the "tenement-house problem," as we please to call it, is becoming one of the very important and fundamental questions in our social life. Certain it is that the people who live in tenement-houses do not like them; certain is it that the physicians who are sent there to cure them when they are sick do not like them; certain it is that they entail difficulties which make them the horror of our fire departments; certain it is that clergymen and people who have to do with charities do not like them. It remains to be established whether the supposed interests of people who want to have their operatives live near to factories and mills, or the other interests of people who want to obtain higher rent for a small piece of land, are to stand in the way of the necessities of the community. Is it not the duty of the State, as the State certainly has the power, to revise its legislation till it has attained the point of maximum health for city life?

Every State has taken some feeble steps in this direction ; but there is no State which has as careful provision for the health of people in tenement-houses as the United States insists upon for the transient life of emigrants, who are imprisoned, at the outside for two weeks, in the passenger ships. The conditions of life in a passenger ship which complies with the United States regulations are, on the whole, better than the conditions of health in tenement-houses which could be named in the cities of New York and Boston. Such a tragedy as has just now distressed us in Boston shows what may happen — one is almost tempted to say, must happen — where human beings are crowded together as they are crowded in the tenement-house system.

Some forty or fifty Italians went to sleep in a house such as hundreds of their associates slept in the same night in Boston. They were waked by the alarm and blaze of fire, by the calls of firemen, by the agonized cries of the dying, perhaps, to find that they had to choose between smothering in their wretched little rooms or leaping from high windows into the street. There were fifty-two of them in all ; and after the agony of the hour was over, it proved that eleven were dead, that nine of those living were burned, and that three of those who had jumped from the windows had broken limbs or were wounded.

The reporter whose duty it was to give an account of this calamity for the daily press says, in a statement which no one has challenged, that this is by no means the worst of the Italian tenement-houses in the neighborhood. And when one asks why such a trap is permitted, the answer is, " These are old houses, which *cannot* be arranged so as to be safe."

Think of saying " cannot " in a nation which has bridged the East River, and is tunneling the Saint Clair !

We hope to publish at an early date some very instructive studies which will show how, in practice, we may overcome evil with good, by the erection of cottage houses in the neighborhood of large cities.

UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT.

BY MISS H. F. FREEMAN.

IN the lower part of the city of New York a group of young women are living in a way that will excite interest and surprise. These young women, all having the advantages and attainments given by a college education, go there voluntarily, and without pecuniary compensation. They have selected their home in the most crowded district in the city, said to be more densely populated than any part of London. The character of the district may be known from the fact that one-tenth of all arrests for crime, and one-half of all arrests for gambling, in the city of New York come within the limits of the election precinct in which they live. There is one saloon to every one hundred inhabitants, and but five churches to fifty thousand people. The schools are so few that parents make useless endeavors to have their children admitted, and teachers with overcrowded rooms regularly refuse six, eight, or ten children a day. The population is made up of emigrants from Central Europe, largely of Germans, and of Russian and Polish Jews.

These young women have chosen to make their home in this neighborhood, believing that in the friendly intercourse they can thus maintain, much more can be done than by any charity organization. For this is not a Bureau of Relief, from which coal, groceries, and clothing are distributed. It is a Home, where kind women, in pleasant, clean rooms, live regular, helpful lives, and are always ready to see those who will come to them. It began by the children coming. They were received kindly, entertained by picture-books, games, and music. They went home and told their parents, who became interested, and asked the young women to call on them. This invitation was accepted in a neighborly way, the call usually made on Sunday, when the father could be seen.

The result is, their acquaintance has grown larger and larger. The people come to them, they never have to go out to draw people in.

Last May, 1889, a house was hired in this neighborhood. It was put in good sanitary condition, and in October seven young women, one of them a doctor, moved into it. They resolved they would have no servants. They were thus saved many complications, for they were to live on the basis of the people of the neighborhood. They have a housekeeper, for cooking, and do the other household work themselves, in turns. They have a little maid, selected from the district. The first night she came she simply took off her shoes and dress when she went to bed. No severe criticism was made, as that would infer she had not been well brought up, and would reflect upon her parents. But the example was before her. She was imitative, and the third night she hung out her flannels to air, that all "poisonous exhalations" should be removed. After living for two months in decent surroundings, she had so far improved in cleanliness and neatness that a place was obtained for her as housemaid in the upper part of the city, and this work was begun over again by taking another girl.

The people of the neighborhood do not appear as poor as they are, because they are so well dressed. They will suffer every privation: they will go without food, will be cold, but they will have decent clothes — that is, those who go out. It may be the older girls who go to school will be dressed so as to make a good appearance, while the younger ones cannot go out of the house because they have no clothes, no shoes or stockings — perhaps only one garment. The clothes are always bought ready made. The occupation of these people is largely tailoring: shop work, or slop work, as we call it. A garment will pass through a dozen hands before it is finished, one woman stitching, another basting, another making button-holes, and so on. The women thus have their work at home, doing it in odd moments, between baby-tending and house-keeping. They have no time to give to the training of their

older children, the girls growing up without knowing how to thread a needle.

It is curious how little these women know of each other, even when living in the same house. One woman living twenty years in one place did not know the names of the other occupants of the house. But the home of the young university women is a safe ground of meeting, and thus they can succeed in their desire to establish a more neighborly feeling.

Clubs are encouraged among the children; indeed, it is among them that the whole work is largely founded. These college women almost hesitated about the older women, thinking life might have taught the hard-working mothers as much as education had taught them. Indeed, it is felt not much can be done for women over twenty. They can be helped in manual training, but their characters at that age become fixed.

One of the first things done was to put out the sign, "Warm Baths for five cents." Nobody came; the young women were told nobody would come. People were not in the habit of bathing. Indeed, in the crowded quarters in which they live, where no privacy is possible, it is questionable if it is not more decent to remain unwashed, and perhaps the unwashed are doing altogether the proper thing. Besides, how would one like to go into a strange house for a bath? But as the College Settlement (which is the name the young women gave their home) became known, the bathers came of themselves, without being coaxed in. The door-bell rings for one thing or another all day, beginning at breakfast-time and continuing until bed-time.

One day is Library Day. Then the children come after school, get their books, hear music, and have games to play, the college residents leading all such entertainments.

But it is asked of these young women, "Does it pay? Could you not as well live in some respectable quarter in the upper part of the city, where you would have some rest and quiet, where you could have some social life, and yet carry on this work just as well?" Yes, and no. The club work could probably be done just as well, and the library and entertain-

ment work as well, but the neighborly feeling, on which this whole work is based, would not then exist. For instance, a woman, with a baby, had sickness in her family. The residents at the Settlement offered to take the baby for a week. The mother assented, for it was so near that she could go in and see the child every night and morning. The baby was returned at the end of the week in a state of health that delighted the mother. Do you think she would have sent it a couple of miles up town, had some kind ladies lived there? Again, in a family well known to them, the husband, in a drunken fit, drove the wife and baby out of doors at night. To-morrow, when "the drunk" would be passed, he would be a very good husband, but to-night where should she go? Not to one of her neighbors, whom she had known for years, but to these young women, who, for such a short time, had been so friendly. These little incidents, continually happening, give many opportunities which could not be, did these young women go down and visit the people, and then return to their own homes.

"Does it pay?" It depends upon what you consider paying. If these young women work for gratitude, it may be thought a failure. The people around them have no idea of what they give up. They have a clean, comfortable house, plenty of warmth, plenty of clothes, plenty of food. Whether there is work or not, their living comes to them just the same. Have they not all that is needed in life? How can they want anything more? What sacrifice can there be when everything is so comfortable around them?

These poor people, on the other hand, live without any system in their lives. They have breakfast or not, as there is anything to eat. They go to work or not, as there is a job. The children get their correction by a blow to-day, a laugh to-morrow. Nothing is regular. The truth is never told. The children lie without any consciousness of what the truth is. They find, indeed, at the Settlement that if anything is promised it comes to pass, and they begin to rely on what is told them, and know there is one place where something is sure.

These college women, who so bravely take this in hand, know that this is not a thing of a year or two. The adults, even the older boys and girls, are beyond much help. This work must be continuous. They dare look forward ten years. A child of ten, whom they begin with to-day, will then be twenty, and will then be a different man or woman because for ten years he or she has seen women for all that time who keep their word, speak the truth, are gentle, kind, and unselfish, and are always ready to help.

Such are the statements made by Miss Fine, who has been in charge of the Settlement since it was established.

These young women speak now of their "College Settlement," but they hope soon to speak of "College Settlements." It is their hope that others may be started wherever the need exists in our cities, crowded with foreign population. That this may more easily come to pass, an association has been formed, with a membership fee of five dollars, to which non-collegiate women may also be admitted. The work was begun by college graduates; will probably be largely carried on by them, though non-collegiate women will have a representation.

One word more as to what is next to be done at this Settlement. A young woman is to go there with her microscope. Through the tube, which so reveals the wonders of creation, she is to open the eyes of these people to some things which have never come into their dull, hard, sordid lives. She will show them that there are some things in this world besides food, clothes, and money. It is doubtful if these children know what sand is more than they know what a diatom is. They are to be shown a handful of sand, and then they are to see a few grains with another eye, more wonderful than that which Nature gives us. The girls work in shops, handle woolen, silk, and cotton threads. These threads are to be put under the microscope. They will see why woolen clings, and why silk slips. They will learn there is much outside of what has been the narrow horizon of their lives. If the college women will stay long enough they can, indeed, work the miracles promised.

TOYNBEE HALL.

OUR readers are acquainted with the general plan of the Universities' Settlement in East London, and especially of Toynbee Hall. The fifth annual report contains an interesting introductory note by Rev. Mr. Barnett, who is the warden of Toynbee Hall, and may be called its founder.

In this note Mr. Barnett says: "Is Toynbee Hall a college or a club? This is a question frequently asked, to which the following report offers an answer. It is a club in so far that the university men who make it their home live their own life, follow their own pursuits, and make their own friends; it is a college in so far that classes are held within its walls, and that students' residences flourish under its shadow. Whether the club will develop till, through its members, the influences gathered at the universities affect the local government, the amusements, and the religion of East London; or whether the college will develop till all the buildings round Toynbee Hall be occupied by students under the direction of tutors and teachers, it is impossible to foretell. * * *

During the time there have been fifty-four residents in Toynbee Hall — men, that is to say, who have remained for periods varying from three months to four years. These men have differed in opinion and in methods, they have followed various professions, but they have been bound together by common respect, and have thus made a society which, by the diversity of unity, has been pleasant and stimulating. They have each brought something in themselves, and, by contact, have shared that something with their neighbors. The positions they have taken in local government, in committees, in clubs, have served chiefly as the means by which they have got to know, or to be known, and they have done the most who have formed the deepest friendships."

NOCHANGE.

[From the Chronicles of Nochange.]

ONCE upon a time, the men of the land of Nochange being assembled in the gate of their city, and giving forth their proxies, it was decreed that strong drink should no more be sold in the land. Great was the surprise; and the more, because it was done almost with one consent. Great, also, was the joy. The men of Bourbon shook hands with the Nazarites, and spake, saying, "In the days past things have gone too far." But when the bonfires were gone out, and men had ceased to wish every man his fellow joy for this cause upon the streets, lo! it began to appear that things were as they had been; and that, as with the proverb of the ancients, "When water runs up hill, then shall the men of Nochange change."

Not many days after, however, a skin of wine was seized, and, the lower court having convicted, and the case being appealed (after the manner of the men of Nochange), it came to jury trial. Thereupon, the evidence being in, and the law being read, to the end that every man might understand, the jury went out. After many hours they came in, and asked for an extension of time, to the end that they might be unanimous. Time being granted, and many days having now passed, they came in again and petitioned that they might be suffered to hear the case over again at the spring session of the court. And the grounds on which they so petitioned were the following, to wit: Was not the wine immature?—that is to say, not fully fermented—which it would be in the spring. Also, had not a Nazarite, of guile and by stealth, put the skin of wine in the refrigerator of defendant? Nevertheless, this last they wrote not in their petition. At this

stage the case was appealed to Cæsar. Howbeit, it was soon noised abroad that the jury, on first going out, was in a majority for the plaintiff, and that, by and by, it became so nearly unanimous as to stand six to six for defendant.

There being great indignation thereupon, the Rev. Dr. Precedent wrote a letter, which, being interpreted, was to this purport: "What man of you knoweth not that the men of Nochange are worshippers of the great goddess Interpretation, which came down from Prophets and Apostles, from the Fathers, and even from Founders and Associate Founders, as all the world knoweth. Is there any disagreement as to the law? None whatsoever. It is solely a question of interpretation. Furthermore, is not also our occupation in danger? By this craft have not a great army of scribes and lawyers their sustenance? Shall any man forbid that we continue the great business of interpreting? As did our fathers, so will we. Go to! Let us dismiss the assembly."

Then did the Rev. Dr. Conscientious Scruple write a letter, in the which he reaffirmed what the Rev. Dr. Precedent had set forth, to wit: that this was a question of interpretation; and said, moreover, that conscience was as God to a man; that the jury might not violate their consciences, happen what would. And he seemed to say: "Far better that the men of Belial multiply (is not Hell large enough for all of them?), and drink even until they drink of the wine of the wrath of God (as they richly deserve), than that we, who must appear before the judgment seat of Christ, to give account of the deeds done in the body, and to answer for our consciences, should in any wise violate them."

Now while the men of Nochange pondered these things in their hearts, straightway the Rev. Dr. Silverthroat (the same who had mightily furthered the decree given in the gate of the city) even he wrote exceeding much and eloquently, setting forth all things from the beginning, establishing beyond contradiction the indefeasible right of the men of Nochange by their proxies to decree as they had decreed, and withal giving the Rev. Dr. Precedent and the Rev. Dr. Conscien-

tious Scruple certificates of good character. Also he hinted darkly that, should the men of Nochange decree any otherwise than they had decreed, he should shake off the dust of their city from his feet, though he would not cease to forward their cause.

Now it came to pass not many days thereafter, that the men of Nochange heard that the Rev. Dr. Precedent had said, and that the Rev. Dr. Conscientious Scruple had said, that the whole thing was blown over. Also, that the Rev. Dr. Silverthroat had withdrawn to his library to read the letters of congratulation which every mail brought him in exceeding great numbers. Howbeit, the people sighed; also, the city Nochange was perplexed. Moreover, devout men were overheard praying in their chambers to the living God, and saying: "Oh! that mine eyes were tears, and mine eyelids a fountain of waters." And some smote upon their breasts, and would not so much as lift up their eyes unto heaven, saying, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

I HAVE long thought that the spectacle of well nigh a hundred thousand church edifices closed, except at brief intervals where meetings were in progress, was a travesty of the warm-hearted Gospel of our Lord, and I rejoice to see that just as woman's influence grows stronger in the church, those doors stay open longer, that industrial schools, bands of hope, church kindergartens, reading-rooms, and the like, may open up their founts of healing, and put "a light in the window for thee, brother."

The time will come when gates of Gospel grace shall stand open night and day, while woman's heavenly ministries shall find their central home within God's House, the natural shrine of human brotherhood in action, as well as human brotherhood in theory.—*Frances E. Willard.*

THE APACHE CAPTIVES.

[Monthly Report of Teachers sent by the Boston Citizenship Committee to the Apache Captives at Mount Vernon, Ala.]

January 28th.

THE Apache Christmas celebration at Mount Vernon may have struck some people as a waste of means and energy when they considered the savage and uncultured state of the people for whose benefit it was undertaken, but it gave a vast amount of happiness. Nor was it by any means a wholly ignorant pleasure, for the Sunday School and Sunday services since November 1st had been continually enlightening both children and grown people as to the nature of the festival. The story of the Babe in the Manger, watched over by angels under the Eastern Star, holds their attention as nothing else can. My sixty Sunday School children were told over and over again that Christmas was the birthday of this holy Child, and that because He loved children and wanted children to love Him, we always tried to make them happy on that day.

The fact that there was to be a Christmas tree bearing gifts was purposely spread abroad, so that by the time Christmas really came expectation was on tip-toe. Mysterious boxes had arrived at the mission-house, and some of the best men were allowed to see trumpets, dolls, picture-books, etc. After their wondering examination, the things were all put back in the boxes and taken to Major Kellogg's—the big chief's.

The ladies of the garrison joined most generously in our enterprise, and spared nothing to make the tree a success. Gifts came from many sources, Major and Mrs. Sinclair sending from Fort Warren four hundred gold and silver cornucopias; and Christmas found as happy and expectant a party of children and grown people as any in the land.

After breakfast we went to the school-house to dress the tree, and there, in front of the door, was the little army of

clean children already assembled, so washed up as to clothes and person, and so radiant with expectation, that it was hard to resist the temptation to deal out the fruit and candy on the spot. Heroic treatment, however, was applied. The door was locked, and newspapers tacked over the windows, so that a sense of mystery was now added to the condition of the juvenile Apache. They hung about the school-house all day long, and every now and then an amazed little face would pop up for a moment above the newspapers. At dark all was ready, and just as Major Kellogg ordered the lighting of the tree, one side of the door was opened, and the stream of wide-eyed children was let in. The grown people were kept back until we had seated all the little ones—except a few choice spirits, such as Naiche, the hereditary chief, Giles, the interpreter, Omandiah, the usher, and Jeronimo, the friend of the school. I can never forget the look of delight on those children's faces as they came in.

The tree was really beautiful—an exquisite red-berried holly, whose top mounted well into the arched roof—and was presided over by a pink-cheeked angel in white and silver, from beneath whose supposed feet hung the cornucopias, dolls, ornaments, wreaths of pop-corn, etc., lighted by quantities of candles. The body of the tree rose from a pyramid of apples and oranges. The simple presents were arranged on tables in labelled packages.

Wrattan, an interpreter, was Santa Claus, arrayed, regardless of the weather, in Mrs. Kellogg's fur circular, a black fur cap, and white cotton beard and moustache. He distributed his bags of candy with Apache witticisms that must have been remarkable, judging by the peals of laughter they elicited. Occasionally the laughs were interspersed with an ecstatic yell (greatly modified), which I am sure every one was willing to forgive. There was, of course, some confusion, but of the happiest kind.

When all the children were seated the grown people were allowed to enter. Major Kellogg said it would be cruel to shut out the sight from them. So the newspapers were torn

away, the windows raised, and the wide door stretched open; and Apachedom gazed on such a sight as it had never faintly imagined. Every child had two or three things—a top or bag of marbles, pencil or slate, trumpet or gay picture-book, all cheap, but precious in their eyes. The Apache mind was, I am sure, happy for once.

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About the middle of December Lieutenant Howard was sent here to see how things were progressing. The Indian men who wished to talk with him assembled at the school-house with the interpreter. Chatho's speech was the first. He said, in answer to Mr. Howard's assurance that sooner or later they would get their farms:—

“At first I thought that white men, who had put railroads and telegraph wires around the world, could get us our farms in a few days, but now I know that it will take time. But I believe that we will get them—that you will take us from this place, where we are dying, and will put us where we can work and earn a living for ourselves and our children. I believe white men have kind hearts. They are good to everything—good to their children, good to each other, good to animals. They will catch a wild deer in the woods and tame it, and teach it to feed from their hands and follow their steps. They will take a wild bird from the tree-top and make it feed from their lips, and come at their voice. We are like the deer and the wild bird—we listen for your voice, and we will follow your steps.”

Naiche, the hereditary chief, spoke next. He is a magnificent-looking man, but with a face so sorrow-stricken that, to me, it is painful to see him. His voice and manner were pathetic in the extreme.

“I was told, years ago, that if I learned to work I could take care of myself. I have learned to work. I can do it, and I will do it. I was told if I learned to use the hoe, the axe, the shovel, the saw, I would be able to earn my own living. I can do all these things; why am I not permitted to earn my own living? This is a bad place for my people; they

are dying around me. The sun rises on my friends; they are here. The sun sets, and they are — gone! Why is this? I am not complaining. I believe you are good, and I thank you, but give us our farms and let us work for ourselves."

Dr. Reid thinks the increase of sickness among them is owing, in great measure, to the profound discouragement that has fallen upon the Apaches.

* * * * *

The progress of the children in their school-work is very gratifying when we consider that they are always studying in a foreign language. Their feats in reading, counting, adding, and dictation are remarkable, if one remembers that real work began November 1st, when the school-house, with black-board and charts, was ready for use. Our open-air school, previously, was picturesque, but did not admit of much drill.

Miss Stephens's school holds its own steadily. Twelve of her men have been promoted to the primer, and the possession of the books has made them more regular and careful in attendance. As soon as the bell rings the twelve primers can be seen making their way to the school-house, unless they are prevented by sickness.

Noche is one of the cleanest and most respectable Indians in the camp. He presents the unheard-of phenomenon of an Indian buck who helps his wife in the house-work. He can do the family washing, and I found him, a few days ago, sitting in the sunshine with her, both industriously sewing. Naiche and Jeronimo are both sober, and have great influence. They have behaved well during their captivity, and have done much to put down drunkenness. Government will find it hard now to discriminate between the unoffending Apaches, who were ruthlessly brought away from Arizona, and who deserve farms, and such hostiles as, having behaved well for two and a half years of exile, should now receive some reward.

Respectfully,

S. SHEPARD.

AN INDIAN RESERVE.

BY MRS. TIBBLES.

I PROPOSE to give a bit of social life on an Indian reserve, that from it the philanthropist interested in Indians may arrive at some conclusion.

One day I went to the agency to see the Indians paid some annuity money. I found a man there who wanted me to announce to the Indians that a society of Friends had wished to build a hospital for them, and all they asked was the use of five acres of land to put it on. The man had a paper he wanted them to sign, granting the use of five acres. Not an Indian would sign. The agent, the missionary, and well-known friends explained and explained, interpreted the paper, told them of the desire of these ladies to help them, all to no purpose. Not an Indian would sign.

Noticing an Indian talking vigorously against it (one who spoke English fluently), I asked him what was the trouble.

"Well," he said, "you see this missionary came here and built him a house, and then a church, and he has never paid us any rent, and we don't propose to have any more of this thing until he does."

"It is very exasperating to hear you talk," I replied. "You know that the house and church have both been built on worthless hills, which were left as such when the Indians took their allotments. You know that the council granted the privilege of buying the land whenever Congress passed a bill allowing them to sell it. You know that this missionary constantly feeds the old and sick out of his small salary, and the church is clothing, feeding, and educating many of your children in the mission school. You know that the current rate of rent for those two hills would not be more than sixty cents a year, whereas the church is spending several thousand dollars a year for your benefit."

Then the Indian began to talk loudly and make a disturbance, so I went away. Walking along a little way, I met a Christian young Indian woman. She sat down on a pile of cord-wood, and began to tell me the news.

"Have you heard about Little Thief?* It is awful."

Now Little Thief was the Indian I had been talking to.

"No," I replied; "what is it?"

"Why, he married another wife yesterday. The old wife, they say, is hiding in the bushes with a big knife, and declares she will kill him, and Little Thief is so afraid that he stays in the middle of a crowd all the time."

"Has he taken his new wife home?"

"No, he was afraid to; but the old wife says she would not hurt *her*, she is going to kill Little Thief."

The day passed on; the few intelligent Indians getting their money, paying their debts, and going home, the others squatting around on the ground, smoking their pipes till late at night.

The second day of the payment I met this young lady again. She said "Little Thief's old wife went on terribly. She went home last night, broke out all the windows, smashed the doors, did all the damage she could, and then mounted a pony and started for her friends among the Poncas. I do wish we had some law to punish such men, but it seems, since we were made citizens, we have no law at all."

The next time I met my young friend she had more news to tell me. A good many of the old Indian party come to her house and tell her all the news.

"Willis Rich is back," she said.

Now this Willis Rich belonged to a very respectable family, but he married a bad woman. She left him and took up with another man, and he went off to the Poncas, where he has been for four or five years.

"Willis Rich is back, and he has been having an awful row with his old wife. He came back to look after his land, which

* This is not his real name, but it will do as well.

is valuable, being near town. His old wife has the allotment papers, and has been selling the hay on it all these years. She met Willis in town, and she and her relatives got some big clubs and started to beat Willis, but some white men interfered and stopped the row. She declares she won't give up the papers. I'm sure I don't know what is to be done about this land. She has Willis's children's land, too, and one of them is dead. How anybody is ever going to find out twenty years from now whom this land belongs to, I can't conceive.

"Did you hear about Little Thief's visit to Washington?" she asked.

"No," I replied.

"Well, he and Big Thief got up a collection among the conservative Indians to send them on to Washington. They went. As soon as they arrived they went to the office of the *Council Fire*, where they told the person in charge that they were opposed to citizenship, law, and all that sort of thing. They received much encouragement. Then they went to a hotel. As soon as they had had their supper they went off on a spree, came back to the hotel after midnight, both drunk. The next morning there was a fearful quarrel between the two. Big Thief said Little Thief had taken all his money while he was drunk, and, after numerous threats, Little Thief gave it up. Then they went to the office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The commissioner was not in, but they saw a clerk. They told him that they had come on to have all this citizenship business revoked. They wouldn't be citizens, and they wouldn't pay taxes. They wanted annuities and rations, and the old way. The man told him these things were settled and it was of no use to talk about them. He finally went off and left them.

"After counting up all their odd pennies, they found they had just enough money to buy the lowest-rate emigrant ticket, and so they got home. Then they collected a big crowd of Indians and made a report. They said they had succeeded in everything: citizenship was abolished; they were to have

rations, and nothing to do. The Citizen Party sent a delegate to hear the report, but Little Thief wouldn't let him in. Little Thief said:—

“‘Oh, yes; you want to come back to us now that we are to go back to the old way.’

“But the delegate said, ‘We wouldn't give up citizenship and come back to you even if we got rations and annuities. We've done with that.’

“Now I think,” she continued, “that it is just awful to let Little Thief go on that way. He ought to be prosecuted for bigamy. The Indians down there are in the worst condition they ever were. They are actually starving. One woman came the other day with her little boy, and said they had not had anything to eat for three days, and they looked like it. She said a great many had been living for a long time on milk-weed. I'm sure I don't know what is to be done. When we had the chiefs we had some kind of law. Now we have nothing.”

This is but a faint picture of affairs on an Indian reservation. The result of legislation up to the present time is to leave the Indians without law. The giving of titles to Indians, under the Dawes Severalty Bill, will result in dis-inheriting nine-tenths of them, unless there is a court, a probate of wills, and a register of deaths and marriages. It is impossible to trace the titles on the Omaha reservation to-day. What will it be ten years from now? Unless the Thayer Bill, or some similar measure, is passed, it would be a thousand times better if the Dawes Bill had never been enacted.

The present condition on reservations has been called “a vanishing state of things,” a statement with which I perfectly agree. The land titles are vanishing with great rapidity; all morality is vanishing; bigamy is more indulged in than for years before. To pass a bill extending the laws of a State over Indians does not extend them. Other legislation of the like kind is equally useless. The law makes the Omahas citizens, “with all the rights, privileges, and immunities of any other citizens.” Yet troops are at present stationed at the

agency enforcing martial law, when there has been no resistance to any process of the courts. The wail of every civilized Indian, missionary, and friend of the Indian, on this reservation, is, "Oh, for a court to punish crime! Oh, for law to bring order out of this chaos!"

NOTE.—Twenty-five years is the greater part of a generation. A very large number of Indians will die in that time. The law requires that the United States shall issue patents to the heirs of these dead Indians to the lands which were allotted to them, according to the inheritance laws of this State. I do not know of more than twenty legal marriages among the whole number. If the courts decide the old Indian marriages legal, that will be some relief, but at the end of the term, there being no record, many of these will be hard to prove. All the marriages in the last five years are undoubtedly illegal. Any one can see that these lands in the end will be swamped in litigation, and the illegitimates, of which most of the tribe will then consist, be disinherited. That is the legal side of the question. The moral side is even worse. Ten years since the chiefs abolished polygamy. While they were in power there was but one case. Since they were made citizens there have been very many, mostly among those speaking good English. They come back here, and, finding no form of government, and no one exercising authority, they use their acquired powers for evil. The better class of Indians, having no recognized authority, and ignorant of the forms of law, are too feeble to contend with this educated villainy. All that they need is government, but there can be no government without expense, and when the lands are all exempt from taxation, where is the money to pay the expenses of government to come from? The United States should furnish it; but if it won't, philanthropy must.

The Indians are anxious for government. Since the above prosecution was begun one Indian with two wives came to my house to give himself up. He said he was willing to abide by the law if it was to be enforced on all. His last wife had

been sent home. Another came, thinking I had some sort of authority, and wanted a very knotty question settled, which involved the income of certain land, the title to which was mixed up with the desertion by a wife of her husband, the birth of a child, the death of the husband, and re-marriage by the wife. Twenty years from now who can tell in which child the title of that land is, there being no record of marriage or birth? If a court was established there would be immediate submission to its decisions. Some one should hunt up these Indians who have married since they were made citizens, and make them get licenses,—be married legally, for many of them don't know that they ought to do it.

* * * * *

Since the above was written a small association, comprising several of the most respectable Indians and two missionaries, one man and one woman, has been formed with the purpose of enforcing the laws now in existence. Their first need was of funds to pay the cost of a prosecution; the second, of legal advice, that they might correctly define the crime they wished to prosecute. By the devotion and self-sacrifice of persons determined to obtain justice, a legal opinion was obtained without charge, the information was filed in the court by the female missionary, the offender was arrested, and the case tried. But, in view of the importance of this first case, which dealt with the legality of Indian marriages, contracted both before and since citizenship, and, in consequence, touched upon all rights of inheritance, the judge of the county court held the defendant for trial in the district court.

[The following call for a meeting of the Omahas will illustrate the necessity which they feel for some "law and order," in the lack of any constituted authority.]

NOTICE TO THE OMAHAS.

A Law and Order Committee has been organized, the object of which is to assist the constituted officers to enforce the laws of the State upon the reservation.

The following persons are its members: Rev. J. T. Copley, John Big Elk, Wa-ja-pa, Mr. Henry Fontenelle, Mrs. Margaret C. Wade, Mrs. Susette Tibbles, Mrs. Marguerite Picotte, Ma-ha-wa-the, Edward Esau, John Pilcher.

The committee advise all persons married since the allotment of land to procure license and be legally married, to protect their children in their inheritance of land.

All cases where men are living with women to whom they are not lawfully married, will be prosecuted. And other criminal laws of the State will be enforced.

HENRY FONTENELLE, *Chairman*.

M. C. WADE, *Secretary*.

BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY.

THE striking feature on this continent stands yonder in the harbor of New York, Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty. It has a woman's form and depicts his mother's face. It is the genius of America, the prophecy of our on-coming future, dedicated not to personal liberty, but to liberty according to law.

"Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With brawny limbs astride from land to land,
Here at our sea-washed sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman, with a torch whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles."

To what shall she welcome the exiles from less happy countries — that calm, tender, motherly face, looking out toward the unpeopled sea in the magnanimous century so soon to come?

She shall welcome them to a Republic based on the idea of protection for the home; to a system of education that extinguished Plutonian that it may light Promethean fires; to a Gospel country where woman and the wage-workers have come into their kingdom, and where the liquor traffic shall no more hurt or destroy in redeemed America the holy mountain of our God. — *Frances E. Willard*.

THE FALL RIVER BOY'S CLUB.

A VISIT to the store, 13 Third Street, would surprise anybody who had not been in that vicinity within a month. The premises that were formerly used for the storage of oils and tallow have been converted into two elegantly furnished rooms for the uses of the newly formed Boy's Club. The organization is national in its scope, and is managed by a committee, with the assistance of a sub-committee of four in each State. In Massachusetts the committee consists of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, William H. Haile, the present lieutenant-governor, J. B. Pierson, of Pittsfield, and Samuel D. Warren, of Boston. It is the purpose of these men to fit up rooms in the different cities of the State for the entertainment of boys under nineteen years of age. The expenses of the organization are paid by subscription.

A short time ago, A. C. Buck, of Worcester, secretary of the State society, came to Fall River, and broached the subject to several of the clergymen. Some of them were in favor of it, while others seemed to think the undertaking would be a failure. To the skeptics Mr. Buck replied that an attempt was going to be made regardless of their opinion. A number of benevolent gentlemen were then visited, who contributed, some fifty dollars and others twenty-five dollars, making in all over thirteen hundred dollars for the promotion of the good work. As the secretary received such hearty encouragement from this class he started to work immediately to find suitable rooms, and he says he never found a town where there was such difficulty in securing apartments. Finally, 13 Third Street was decided upon, but as the quarters were not large enough the partition was broken through and an arch erected, thus making two rooms, each 50x17 feet. Work was started immediately to render the place attractive, and a visit to the rooms furnishes proof of the success that was met with.

At the right of the entrance is the office of the superintendent, Thomas Chew. Further on is the library, which is enclosed by a railing so arranged as to guard against crowding. The reading-room is well heated and ventilated. In this apartment is a piano. Opposite the room is the section devoted to games. The arrangements are unique, and not only prevent pilfering, but no member can have more than one article at a time. Upon entering the door the boy shows his ticket, and then proceeds to the library, where it is taken. Here he has the privilege of taking a book, the list including histories, biographies, works on travels, and the like, which are written in an entertaining style. If he does not care to read, he can take any of the one hundred games, which comprise chess, checkers, messenger boy, and, in fact, all kinds of amusements, a change being allowed every quarter of an hour. When tired of his choice he may return and exchange it, although this cannot be done more than once every fifteen minutes. When the lad wishes to go home he must return the book or game; then he will receive a ticket, which is shown to the proper person before he leaves the building.

A WORK OF REFORM.

The rooms are only open nights from seven until nine o'clock, as it is intended for the purpose of keeping the boys off the street, and furnishing amusement for them which is of a much more wholesome and instructive nature than that to be found on the streets, or in the concert halls. One great benefit of the society is that any boy can become a member, irrespective of creed, the only restriction necessary being good behavior, and when this is not maintained the offender forfeits his ticket. There is no doubt that Mr. Buck, if he remains here, will soon become a favorite with the boys, as he has a very pleasing disposition, and employs kindness rather than harsh treatment to obtain possession of a boy's good will. Every church in the city will be requested to send a delegation of ladies and gentlemen who will assist the superintendent in preserving order, and to associate with the boys

in order to make the evenings entertaining. The walls are decorated with appropriate mottoes, the one near the library bearing the words, "Say 'please' when asking for anything, and 'thank you' when you get it." Mr. Buck, who has had an extensive experience in dealing with boys, says that there is no better way than the motto system to cultivate a boy's good manners. Although the uncultivated element may at first not notice the motto, or, if they do, will treat it with derision, they will, after reading it every night, soon become accustomed to following its advice before they are aware of the fact. If a boy approaches the librarian and gruffly asks for a book, no attention will be paid to him until he has said "please." The secretary has not the least doubt but the undertaking will be a success, as it appeals to a boy's good nature, which must be reached before anything can be done with him.

THE climax of the labor movement will be reached when wage-workers cease scoffing at the Bible, and perceive it to be above all others the Book of Brotherhood.

Even men of the world admit that London's four hundred city missionaries mean more for peace and quiet than four thousand police would mean. Even infidels admit that McAll's mission in Paris prevents barricades and riot, by teaching the French workman a more excellent way to the brotherhood of which he dreams. For the Book of Peace and Good Will says :

"This is the fast that I have chosen, that ye break every yoke."

And then think of Christ's words : —

"The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them, and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors, but ye shall not be so : but he that is greatest among you let him bear the younger ; and he that is chief as he that doth serve. For whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat or he that serveth ? Is not he that sitteth at meat ?

"But I am among you as he that serveth."

— *Frances E. Willard.*

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

BY A. L. MURDOCK.

MOST people are wrecked by their reverses. I am always wrecked by my successes, as, after I have established a reform, I am obliged to abandon it, by the representatives that are forced to adopt it, as no corporation wishes the assistance of any person who has forced them by educating the public to demand and obtain their rights.

In 1859 I found that every sixth man in the United States who held a life insurance policy had lost it by forfeiture. Realizing that there is no justice, equity, or charity in such a principle, I spent my next three years in showing the evil, and then obtained the law giving value for forfeited life insurance policies, and organized an office under it. That law has been the means of the widows and heirs of policy-holders receiving over two million dollars of insurance from our five offices in Massachusetts, and every insurance office in the United States, if not in Europe, adopts a portion of that law.

This shows that I was right, even if Governor Andrew, who vetoed one of my bills, told me he could not understand how I could be right, and Commissioner Wright and other life insurance men wrong. He was honest in telling the members that they could say what they chose about my bill, but they must not assail my private character, as he knew me well.

Again, in 1876, I collected the State Agricultural Exhibit for the Centennial Exhibition. In doing this I found that Massachusetts is a State of agricultural principles, not products, as the farmers had not done as the sugar, cotton, wool, and other manufacturers did — abandon old ways and adopt new ones, to enable them to make, instead of being paralyzed by losses. The farmers kept on in the old way, and when there was a loss would abandon raising that article. If you cannot sell a hog at five cents a pound, cut him up and sell

the pieces for ten cents a pound, and there is not a farmer in the State more than ten miles from a market that will take anything raised, from skim milk at half price to butter, and this is better than feeding skim milk to hogs for a year, and then realizing one-half cent a quart, if the hogs do not die before then. Having these views, I wrote articles weekly, gave lectures, and held a fair, with contributions from twenty towns, and was told by Hon. Marshall P. Wilder and others that my fair showed principles and products before unknown. The result was that the State created a series of ninety lectures annually for the poor towns, so that it might show the way to develop the farms, as they have a value, with good buildings and orchards on them, over the cost of the fences, at which many can be bought. After this there was no field for me to labor in, as I was not wanted even as a lecturer. Again I will ask, was I right or wrong in making a successful failure of my labor? I thought I knew as much about the subject, with three years' hard study and labor, as those who had done nothing to be posted but to offer their opinions.

Again, in 1885, I adopted the Boys' West End Home, of fifteen boys, fitted it up at a cost of twenty-five hundred dollars, with fifty beds, all spring beds and hair mattresses, and took into my employ the matron, cook, chamber-maid, and janitor, so that the boys should not feel home-sick in better quarters, as they were sleeping in bunks when I took them, and you cannot make a man out of a bunk, or of a boy that sleeps in one. I invited every clergyman, and charitable society and association, by note, to visit my little home, thinking that they would send me boys enough to fill my fifty beds. I have never received a call from more than two of them.

The boys were under no religious restrictions. Only one was discharged in four years; four left owing me, others left and told me they would pay me when they could. Some paid twelve dollars, in fifty-cent installments, on their return to the home. The weekly charge was two dollars, which included washing and a free use of the hot baths; the average pay received was one dollar and forty-seven cents weekly. But I

have never had over thirty-two boys at one time, and, on the fourth year, for the last two months only four, owing to my not making it a denominational home. Two of the denominations came every Sunday to talk with the boys. Three-fourths of the boys attended evening schools voluntarily, and had money in the bank. One, twenty years old, saved up four hundred and fifty dollars, and told me that if he had been anywhere else he could not have done it, and would not have had a cent. Everything about my house was right, but it had no moral support from the public, nor would they give it so long as I paid the bills, and the home was managed by the matron.

Again, in 1883, I established my Free Surgical Hospital for Women — everything free, including operations — and operated on three thousand cases, to show the value of nutrition, as found in my Liquid Food, in cleansing the system of disease, and in building up the patients from capital operations (such as the removal of cancers, tumors, cysts, etc.). This I accomplished, as the mortality on the last three hundred and eighty-three operations was only one death; on the last one thousand, only five deaths, and the women of Boston die twenty-nine to the thousand. This did not meet the approval of many of the medical profession (and press), even if I had restored these women to them for local treatment for the next twenty or thirty years.

I therefore had to close my hospital of one hundred and thirty-five beds last July, and at this date there are over six hundred applicants for admission, but it cannot now be reopened. For my offer to give it, rent and furniture free, to six different boards of trustees, or hospitals, with all the Liquid Food they could use, has been declined. The offer is still open for acceptance, with the condition that if my food is not used I am to have the annual reports. They can have the hospital as long as it is kept, on an average, one-half full. Also they can take men, and can have one-half pay patients. But this is not satisfactory unless my name is removed from the building, as my name, supported by them,

they will not accept; so the finest and largest surgical hospital for women in the United States is closed for all time. Its equipments consisted of electric clocks, locks, and lights, soapstone walls, and heated with raw air to a temperature of seventy degrees Fahrenheit. To solve this problem of nutrition over medicine cost me, at one dollar a day (including operations), for three thousand women in my hospital thirty-four days each, over one hundred thousand dollars, so I retire, having made another successful failure, and must look in other fields if I want to help suffering humanity.

Again, in 1888, I gave the use of two halls that would hold one hundred and twenty and three hundred and fifty seats, for union religious meetings, the larger hall to the Unitarians, and for a year not a minister of any other denomination would preach there, knowing that, at the end of the year, whoever the hearers wished to settle, I was willing to continue to give them the use of the hall, rent free. The other hall (a store located at 15 Causeway Street) I gave to a good Baptist, for the J. C. M. Institute, to hold meetings for moral religion, every evening in the week. He had the same trouble with the two leading denominations, but he had the public with him, as he made them better by raising them to a higher moral and religious plane, and he prospered all alone, exceeding that of any church in Boston. Those attending the meetings would tell him in a few days that they had signed the pledge, and later on that they had joined one of the four leading denominations, and not a man or woman, thus far, has abandoned this better life, and have organized a temperance society. Seventy-six joined in two evenings, all enjoying home comforts, and leading industrious and moral lives. Here I am right for the first time in my life, as *I have shown that when we are for the people and with the people, they are with us.*

It looks to me that I shall not be abandoned for helping them with my feeble efforts. It is so encouraging that I have made a new hall for them, with two hundred seats, reading-room with fifty seats, lodging-house with fifty beds, having spring beds and hair mattresses, hot and cold baths, if desired,

all for twenty cents a night; single rooms, thirty-five cents a night. The place is open from 7 a. m. to 10 p. m. If I have accomplished all this, my past failures have developed me into a higher plane for doing good.

Again, for several months I have been in doubt as to what use I will make of my hospitals, as I realize it to be a crime to break up an establishment so perfect in equipments. Besides offering it to the medical profession, I have offered it, rent and equipments free, to three different charitable institutions, which now hire their buildings — one a church organization — and four dollars a year from each church in New England will take care of one thousand patients annually, or one patient from every fourth church. But they declined, as one or both of my hospitals would be too large for them, as they could not raise the money. That is good news, to know that there is not much charity needed in Boston from their observation. I have always thought so; what is needed is to lend a hand, to assist and protect those that are unfortunate, or educate them to a higher and more successful life, as charity patients generally become paupers in a short time. I finally conceived the need of a home for widows with children five years old and younger, as I can conceive no nobler labor than making little children happy with comforts which many a poor widow is unable to have, being without means, and with no knowledge how to earn money.

These views I gave to the LEND A HAND Journal and Clubs. They accepted my plan and have taken one of my hospitals, rent and equipments free, as long as they keep it half full; charging for mothers two dollars, and for each child one dollar, per week, including washing, and when unable to pay they can help in the kitchen and laundry one-half of the time, and we will educate them in some branch that will enable them in six to twelve months to earn sufficient to have a home of their own. This will enable the mothers to be with their children at all meals except dinner. Attached to the home there will be a kindergarten school.

If this home proves as successful as my J. C. M. Institute, and I have no doubt it will, as it is better to prevent many from becoming diseased than it is to curing or operating on a

smaller number, it will more than compensate me for the loss of closing my free hospitals, as preventing poor widows from becoming sick from overwork, anxiety, and poor food, soon convince them that they are slaves of labor, and their lives will be shortened from these combined causes, and that they are on the way to the poor-house with their children; all of which could be stopped, if they were educated so as to be able to earn even one dollar a day. This dollar will educate their children to take any position in life, and enable them to take care of their mothers in their old age, instead of all being paupers in some city or State institution, or dependent on a pittance from some charitable society.

The question is frequently asked me, how have you been able to do these things? *Where there is a will there is always a way, if you will find it.* Money is not needed, even if it is handy.

Illustrate: I never was poorer than during the three years I spent to obtain the law to give value to forfeited life insurance policies, as I was a broker, dependent on my commissions to support my family. Since that time I've made it a rule to save what I make annually, and spend the income of my property, not on myself, as my own wants are no larger now than when I was a broker, as I obtained the same comforts then as I have now, even if I did not spend so much money to obtain them.

The moral of this article is, that we must not look to professional men, with a few exceptions, of any art, be they insurance experts, ministers, lawyers, musicians, artists, doctors, or surgeons, for sympathy, as they act on the theory that if they do not hang together they may hang separate, and that they being a superior class of men, the world must grant them all their wants, even if the majority of their fathers were farmers or mechanics.

With such facts it shows that we must rely on our own labors, and if we are right and honest in our labors, we will succeed; and if not, fail; and that failure will teach us so well that we will succeed in our next undertaking.

A NATIONAL PHILANTHROPY.

BY MISS ELAINE GOODALE.

It is true that the United States Government did not primarily undertake the education of Indian youth. The pioneer work was done by the churches. While a vast majority of the people did not believe that "Indians could be educated," a few faithful missionaries had quietly established among them excellent denominational schools, and were already training their most promising pupils for the ministry.

When the Government finally reconsidered its "Indian policy," and, after deciding that it was cheaper to feed Indians than to fight them, advanced a step further, and concluded that it was cheaper to educate than to continue to feed them, still it by no means acted upon the new theory in a thorough and efficient manner. "A school-house and a teacher for every thirty children" was promised to various tribes of Indians in treaties made twenty years and more ago, but for a long time there was scarcely a pretence of fulfilling these treaty stipulations. It was said by way of excuse that the Indians would not send their children to school — an idle supposition, when there were no schools to send them to!

In 1876 Congress made the first appropriation for Indian education, twenty thousand dollars, and the sum has increased year by year to nearly a million and a half in 1889. Most of this money was spent, not for the day-schools which had been promised, but for large boarding-schools, some of them on the Indian agencies, and some at a distance; and much of it is appropriated, at a fixed sum *per capita*, to maintain Indian children in religious and private institutions. These are called "contract schools."

It is now certain that the experiment thus doubtfully undertaken has succeeded, inasmuch as it is shown that Indian youth

will readily absorb our learning and adopt our customs. It remains to complete the work in a faithful and systematic manner, and this is our national duty — an act of justice, of philanthropy, and, like all true philanthropic effort, an act of self-preservation. Two hundred and fifty thousand intelligent citizens will avail us more than as many dependents and vagabonds.

It is incumbent now upon every one of us to bear a personal share in, and to feel a personal responsibility for, this great national philanthropy. It is wrong to throw all our means and all our influence into some narrow, exclusive channel of church work, and to yield but a perfunctory allegiance to the State. Each member of a church or denominational society is no less a citizen of his country, and it does not become him to neglect his civic duty. There can be no more religious act than to serve one's fellow-men by the arm of the nation.

This is a hopeful moment in which to speak of a national Indian school system worthy the name, because we have now at the head of the Department of Indian Affairs a man who proposes to establish such a system, and who has devoted much time and thought to planning its details and calculating the cost. General Morgan estimates that a sum of something over two and a half millions, or an advance upon the last appropriation of one hundred per cent., will enable him to extend the work as much as is practicable during the next fiscal year. We can do our part by supporting him in his office, and by urging his demands upon a Congress which listens to nothing so respectfully as to the voice of public opinion.

It is a great mistake to imagine that because the schools under Government control are nominally unsectarian, they are necessarily irreligious or wholly secular in tone. It is the policy of the Government in making appointments not to favor one denomination above another, except that where the mass of Christian Indians at an agency belong to a certain church, preference is given to teachers of that faith. General

Morgan is a Christian educator, with high ideals, and he distinctly declares that teachers will be selected who are "able to exert a positive religious influence." Even before the present administration, however, this was largely the case. During the past five years I have visited many Indian schools, and at the head of nearly every Government institution I found a member of some Christian body, who held daily prayers with the children, taught them the Lord's Prayer, etc., opened the school sessions with religious exercises, and sent the whole school, if at, or near, the agency, to the church service and Sunday School conducted by the resident missionary.

We want a popular enthusiasm on the subject of our national gift of education to the Indian. We shall then render the gift all that it should be. Some of us, who are able and willing to teach, will volunteer for actual service in these schools. Nothing that can be bought with money is half so valuable as the aid of a capable, earnest woman, who makes her teaching a labor of love. We do not want mechanical or mercenary teachers, and the way to get rid of them is to induce the right ones to offer themselves.

The teacher who remembers that *all* this Indian work is missionary work, philanthropic work, will be quite certain to obtain from her friends supplementary gifts to eke out deficiencies in Government appropriations. There is no surer way to become really interested in a good cause than to *give* something to it. Do not say that you have already given all you can afford to your church missionary society. Remember that you are a citizen — be a patriot as well, and do something for our national philanthropy. Send a Christmas box, or an illustrated magazine, or a barrel of hats or hoods, to a Government school.

There is not one of us who can stand aside and criticize the management of our Government Indian schools as something with which we have nothing to do. This is *our* Government — these are *our* schools! Let us accept the responsibility, and worthily educate the Indian.

TEN TIMES ONE.

Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in,
Lend a Hand.

HOW THEY PREACHED.

BY MRS. BERNARD WHITMAN.

[*Concluded.*]

THAT afternoon Kate and Mousie sallied out. They took neither "scrip nor purse." In a poor locality they found the family. Wretchedly poor they were, and all ambition to do better apparently had left them. To get bread for the day and clothes for their covering seemed to be all they looked forward to. The mother, weary and discouraged, told her story of want and sorrow; and Mousie cried with her, as she described the sickness and death of the one boy whom she had loved more than all else on earth. Kate talked with the oldest girl, a child twelve years of age, about the window garden exhibit, and promised to send her a geranium, and, with an urgent invitation to come again, the girls left.

"Do you think we helped them to repent?" said Kate, on their way home.

"Yes, I do," said Mousie. "I don't see as we did anything, but our motive was good, and that's what the Bible means — 'preach in order that men should repent.' If we don't make blunders, I think they will repent. It wouldn't astonish me if we found that indolent woman, her two dirty children, and that drunken brute of a man, a different family one of these days."

Two days later the two girls went again to the wretched home, Kate carrying her best geranium for Lucy.

"Seems to me they have begun to repent already," said Mousie,

as they came out. "Did you see that Lucy had on a clean apron, and Mrs. Mullen actually forgot her troubles, while I was telling her what a quantity of plants they had at the Public Garden ready to give away to any one who wanted them. She asked me if Lucy could go for one, and give it to a bedridden woman who lives up stairs."

"We've begun already on the Ten Times One principle," said Kate. "I wonder we never thought of it before. But Mrs. Mullen did seem a great deal nicer than she was when we went the first time."

A week passed, and the two girls found themselves at Mrs. Mullen's door again. John Mullen himself, sober, opened the door. He had found some employment, and, for the time being, would not lapse again. All this Mrs. Mullen explained to Kate, while Lucy and her little sister showed Mousie the plants, the clean, washed window, and the rude trellis John Mullen had made, and told her how happy old Mrs. Brown looked when Lucy had taken the plant to her.

"She said," said Lucy, "that we did her no end of good, and if I'd go up to her now and then, she'd show me how to make some paper flowers, and may be I could sell 'em, and fix up things a little. I could go to meeting and Sunday School like the other girls then," she added, in a confidential whisper.

"They've begun to preach, too," said Kate, half laughing, as they came out. "I begin to feel a real affection for those people. Mrs. Mullen isn't such a 'poor, miserable creeter' as I thought for. She quite blossomed out to-day. I wonder if that blossoming was a little bit of repentance?"

When Kate and Mousie announced to the club that they were going to preach, the other girls exclaimed:—

"Is there nothing for us to do?"

But Mrs. Smith quieted them, saying that work would come, and once started there would be no trouble. One thing would lead to another.

The next day as Jennie and Jessie—the "two Jays," as their friends called them—were coming home from a visit to a friend in a suburban town, they noticed a little Italian girl just outside the station, talking earnestly with her brother, a wee newsboy. The two Jays had studied Italian a little, and were glad to find out that they

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could understand nearly all she said. Away ran the boy; but the two girls lingered, ostensibly to buy some peanuts, but really to have a chance to talk a little with Bianca in her own tongue. It was but a moment. The girls never knew exactly how it was. The wee newsboy was brought, wounded and faint, to the little peanut-stand. Poor little Bianca had no friends. She could only speak a few words of English, and she looked helplessly at the girls, who had just chatted to her in her native tongue.

"I will stay with you," said Jessie, and Jennie ran for a doctor. Fortunately, she found one near at hand, who proved a kind man. He examined the little sufferer, found him badly bruised, but no bones broken. Then, ordering a carriage, he took the little fellow to his home. Bianca urged her new friends to go with her, and, seeing her distress, they consented. In a bad quarter of the city, in the garret of an old house, lived the two children, with an old woman, whose relationship no one knew. She flew into a passionate fit of anger as she saw the wounded boy brought in. As her eyes, however, fell on the two Jays, she controlled herself a little; but, probably thinking they could not understand her, she returned to her torrent of abuse, with an outward calmness, assumed to deceive the two girls.

Jessie and Jennie could understand enough to catch the general drift of her words. They stood there speechless and indignant. But in a few moments the old woman subsided into silence. Bianca, with the help of the girls, made the boy as comfortable as she could; and the two Jays left, promising to come again the next day.

This was but the beginning of a series of visits. Bianca, little by little, told her whole story — how, left orphans, the old woman had taken them, and how they had been made to work for her, and support her. She had taught them to steal and to lie. All this Bianca confessed with her eyes dropped down in shame, while little Angelo from his bed looked on in wonder. The girls were full of interest and kind words. They talked and pleaded with the children to do what was right and bear the consequences. They would be their friends and try to help them. Bianca knew that it was wrong; but beatings and harsh words, cold and hunger, had driven them to it. She promised to try to do better, and if Angelo could ever go about again she would teach him, too, to be truthful and honest. It would

be too long a story to follow out the lives of Bianca and Angelo. Bianca did try, encouraged by the girls, who interested their friends in the orphans.

Just as plans were being perfected to remove them from their old home and place them among better influences, the old woman took a severe cold and died. Almost to the last she was cross and ugly, but a ray of love penetrated her heart before she died. She called the children, and in a harsh voice, with just a touch of feeling in it, said, "God forgive me! I wouldn't be so wicked again," and sank into unconsciousness. Bianca and Angelo turned to their new home with joy. Bright at school, happy in their home-life, brave, conscientious children, they became the hope and pride of the two old people who adopted them from the Home where the two Jays had been instrumental in placing them.

And while the two Jays had been preaching, a trouble had sprung up in Miss Highwater's school, which nearly all the girls attended. It was not a new trouble. It was one of long duration; and neither Miss Highwater, from her standpoint of propriety, nor gentle Miss Sweet, with her love of peace, had been able to stem the tide. It was that fearful and unkind thing — gossip.

A new light broke on the Repentants' Club. "Let us speak no evil," said Carrie Black, one of the new girls; and Sarah Pray seconded her motion.

They were popular girls in the school, and, after the first few days of wonder and gentle scoffing, the movement spread. A fine of one cent was levied on each girl who was caught saying an unkind or malicious thing of another. In questions of doubt a committee of three settled the matter. At the end of the term the accumulated fines were to be invested, and a gift made to the girl who had paid the most. If, however, no girl had been fined more than three times, the money was to be spent in chocolates; for, as Jessie Smith said, "If nobody paid more than three cents, they couldn't buy enough to hurt them, and all the girls would deserve a reward."

Kitty Rogers and Lois Granger joined hands in protecting animals. They subscribed for *Our Dumb Animals*, and woe unto the boy or girl who was found tormenting any poor creature. Lois made one firm friend in a boot-black, who, ragged and forlorn, yet had a tender heart for animals, and, seeing Lois one day defending a cat against a

huge dog that had cornered it, came to her rescue. From that time on he brought her homeless creatures, which she cared for, and in turn Lois coaxed him into the mission school, where he became a constant attendant.

Alice Lewis and Susie French threw themselves with great interest into the mission work of the church. When it was proposed to send a box to an Indian school, the two girls whispered to each other. After sundry meetings, and long afternoons spent together, they appeared at the vestry just before the box was closed, bringing a long package addressed to the principal of the Indian school. At the earnest request of the ladies Alice opened the box, and showed a beautiful doll, with two complete suits of clothes, that would all take off and on.

A note to the teacher was pinned to the dress. It merely said, "Will you please give this doll to the worst-behaved little girl you have in school, and tell her it comes from two girls who love her?"

It was not until three months had passed that a letter came, enclosed in one to Mr. Arnold, for the "Two girls who loved the Indian girl, and sent the doll." The letter told of the stolid little Indian, who had never been won until the doll came. The missionary added: "She seems now like another child: she was touched more than by all our talks with her."

When the spring came the Repentants' Club met in Mrs. Smith's parlor again. They had been asked to tea, as it was the last meeting of the season before the girls separated for the summer. Mr. Arnold, too, was there, looking bright and happy. When supper was over, he rose, requesting permission to say a few words.

He briefly reviewed his short pastorate and the love and sympathy which had been given him in his work. But he felt he had been understood by the Repentants' Club as by none others. They had grasped his meaning, and gone out in the spirit of our Lord's command, and preached to all men that they should repent. They had preached in many ways, but it was all to lead men to repent. One case had occurred which was, perhaps, unexpected to them. He himself was the case. They had preached with an energy and activity which had aroused him to fresh zeal for the future. He felt his own weakness. The command was for the disciples to go by twos. He had the promise of a companion, and he wanted to say that in

future, with Mousie by his side, he should go forth to preach by word of mouth and active work to all men as never before.

The girls fairly screamed with excitement, and hugged the coloring, blushing Mousie till she called for quarter, and Jessie Smith, still struggling with a refractory lock, called out: "Girls, we are just girls, and can't cheer. But there's one thing I will say: I don't think I ever passed so happy a winter in my life. I never knew before what the Bible meant, and I never felt so sure that I was one of the disciples as I do now. It seems so real. I almost see them sent out just as we went, only I suppose their surroundings were different. But don't let our club die, girls. Rather let us multiply and increase, and, above all, don't let us forget to preach this summer, wherever we may be."

The club separated. They still preach. Nearly all go with other companions now. That gray-haired lady, who never spoke a word in public, is one; that sweet, bright-faced woman in the corner is another. You all know them. They preach every day, that you and I may repent and walk in God's way.

TEN TIMES ONE.

THE various committees are now systematically at work, and invite correspondence and help from the clubs.

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES.

Leaflets and Literature: Mrs. Bernard Whitman.

Charities: Miss Helen G. Powers.

Education: Mrs. Mary G. Tallant.

Missions: Mrs. Andrew Washburn.

These ladies may be addressed at the LEND A HAND Office, 3 Hamilton Place, Boston.

A BOSTON COFFEE HOUSE.

OWING to the interest manifested in the Coffee House work at the North End during the season of 1888 and 1889, the organization of the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union felt encouraged to start again in this enterprise, taking this winter the South Cove as their working-ground. The committee who have charge of this work are all actively engaged in societies of the King's Daughters in different parts of the city.

An attractive store was found on Federal Street, south of Kneeland Street, and with the kind and generous assistance of the public they have been able to establish themselves.

Their ambition and desire is to offer a place to the public in the immediate vicinity, where the best lunch can be furnished at the lowest practical prices, a place where the daily papers can be read, a place where a man can spend a quiet, social evening with papers, magazines, and games.

The spot has proved attractive to boys, who come eagerly every night to enjoy themselves. The girls, too, are so persistent in coming that two evenings of the week are devoted to them. So that, in passing 359 Federal Street of an evening, a room full of happy children will be found. The friend from Brookline who sent games would, I feel sure, be very much gratified at the pleasure taken in the ring-toss, the dissected map, and the puzzles.

The change in the manners of the children is marked; and, although the hats seemed glued to the boys' heads during the first weeks, now they have hardly to be reminded that they are to be removed. Their hands are several shades lighter, their words are cleaner, and their habits under better control while in the room.

As a proof that the coffee is of the best, one man is willing to walk seven blocks to enjoy it; and all approve and come a second and third time.

Through the kindness and personal interest of the president of the Lend a Hand organization in this work, the Union has been able to make this beginning, and if all will be filled with a like spirit of helpfulness the work will increase.

REPORTS OF TEN TIMES ONE CLUBS, ETC.

PERSONS who are forming clubs, or are interested in Ten Times One work, are requested to address all letters of inquiry to Mrs. Bernard Whitman, Lawrence Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. Whitman is the central secretary of the clubs, and will gladly give information or help in forming them. It is desirable to keep the list of clubs as complete as possible, and all clubs based on the Wadsworth mottoes which have not sent in their names are requested to do so.

WINONA, MINN.

THIS club was formed January 11, 1889, with fourteen members. But by the first of September we had eighteen, but two have moved out of town.

The object of the club in the beginning was to lend a helping hand in all the church work, and to create an interest in the life of the church. This has been accomplished, and much more, I think.

The meetings are weekly, Friday afternoons. We always have sewing and reading, with a business meeting near the close. The officers are:—

President: the oldest girl, who keeps the constitution, enrolls new names, and acts as a sort of assistant.

Secretary: attends to correspondence, and keeps account of work completed at each meeting: this acts as a stimulus to finish one more article, however tiring, every week.

Treasurer: keeps money and all accounts.

Thread-picker: gleans the threads and scraps from the floor.

We also have one member to put work in order at close of meeting.

Each member pays ten cents a year, and five cents for absence, if it is not caused by sickness or helping mamma.

The club assisted the ladies at a fair in June, then held one of their own in December, clearing one hundred and twenty dollars, enough to pay for the gas fixtures in our new church.

I cannot tell you as yet what the object will be for which the club will work this year. They have talked a little of paying for the pulpit, but nothing is decided on, although it will undoubtedly be in that direction.

The ages of the members range from six to fifteen years.

HAMPTON, VA.

IN answer to an appeal from Miss Mead in the January magazine, contributions, some of them anonymous, have been sent to Hampton, and Miss Mead desires to thank the clubs and persons who have responded so kindly.

NETHERWOOD, N. J.

THE "Helpful Ten" of this place, all under thirteen years old, have been having a very interesting time. In Plainfield there is a children's home, and we determined to give the inmates a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. We had made ourselves poor by giving all we had to the Johnstown sufferers, but we all have friends, and we sought their aid.

We were given a lot of candy boxes, and with them we made fourteen doll's beds. We covered the boxes with muslin, made a canopy, and trimmed them with some lace for drapery. We made mattresses, bed-clothes, sheets, coverlids and pillows to match, and they were too sweet and cunning for anything. We thought truly they must be seen to be appreciated. With each bed went a doll, with materials for dressing it—needles, thimble, thread, etc.

On the 24th we all went to the home to deliver the presents. It is safe to say you never saw such a happy set of girls as we were. Friends furnished carriages to take us, and when we reached the home the matron welcomed us gladly. There were only nine girls in the home, and each one was allowed to choose which bed she preferred, as no two were alike. We also gave them a scrap-book, made by ourselves, as well as a number of children's half-worn books that we were through with.

The delight of these dear little ones was very great, but we can truly say it was excelled by the givers. Oh, my! how their eyes

shone! and how their tongues rattled! Truly, here was a lesson showing that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Having distributed these gifts at the home, and having five beds left, we were then driven to the homes of five different poor families, where we knew there was a little girl, and we made each one happy, and ourselves as well. Talk about good times, happy children, Christmas — we are sure no one enjoyed it more fully than the "Helpful Ten" of Netherwood. But that is not all. We had three dollars and fifty cents in the treasury, and a good lady told us of a poor family, consisting of father, mother, and two children. The father was very ill with pneumonia, and with nothing in the house to eat; no money; about to be distressed for rent, which was due. We gave the lady our money, which paid the rent and left fifty cents for food; and when the lady told us about them, and how poor they were, and how they suffered for the necessities of life, the tears would come to our eyes, but they were happy tears, because we could do a little something to help them in their distress.

We have since learned that the cause of their being so poor was because the father *drank* up his wages, and we think it's an awful shame that men should take such a man's money, and thus make little children suffer; and we all wish we could be helpful enough not only to persuade men not to drink, but to stop men from selling drink.

We have had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and will endeavor, in the spirit of our Master, the dear Jesus, who went about doing good, to prove ourselves as the "Helpful Ten."

FITCHBURG, MASS.

We have a society of more than fifty members, girls from eight to twenty years of age, with a few still older that are interested to help us. We belong to the Lend a Hand Order, 3 Hamilton Place, Boston. We started with one Ten, and called ourselves the "Lend a Hand Ten." Finding the younger girls wished to meet with us, we formed two more Tens, one called the "Thoughtful Ten," the other the "Willing Ten." They are under efficient leaders, and we are anticipating great results. The Lend a Hands have been longer in the work, and are fast preparing themselves to be of unlimited help

to their pastor in his church duties. Our object is to hasten the coming of the kingdom of God in the hearts of one another.

Our central truth: "We are bound to belong to Him who went about doing good. We are to help every one, everywhere, for Christ's sake, and 'in His Name.' We will try to serve our Master in some way, however slight, each day."

Our motto: "Look up and not down, Look forward and not back, Look out and not in, Lend a hand."

Our watchword: "In His Name."

We wear the little silver cross, and teach our girls that this little symbol is a reminder. Whenever hateful or wrong thoughts come uppermost the mind must turn to the little cross, and a prayer goes forth from the heart, only three words, "In His Name." But how much they mean! I cannot tell you how great has been the effect of this one thing upon our children. Everything, whether at home, at school, or in the street, must be done "In His Name."

It is not in accordance with our teachings for me to tell you of the good these girls do, and I shall only step over this rule sufficiently to give you an insight into our work. They gather clothing of all kinds, repair it, and find some one who needs it. Visit the sick children and see if they are in need of anything, and read to them and entertain them while their mothers rest. They visit the Old Ladies' Home once a week, read and sing to them, and make them merry; carry flowers if any are ill, and delicacies if they can. They decorate the church every Sunday in the year, and the flowers used are taken to the sick in the parish. So I might continue to tell you of their good work, but the greatest of all is their glowing love for everything good and pure. If a girl is unfortunate in any respect, you will see them silently stretch out their arms to take her into their little band and shelter her from the sneers of the world.

I wish it was in my power to tell you how noble and true our girls are. This Lend a Hand has been the means of bringing them out so that they begin to understand themselves. If there are any of our churches that have never tried this work, I trust they will immediately undertake it. It is not only our future church, but we are sending into the world people that are truly hastening the kingdom of God in the hearts of all about them. If any one would like to correspond with us, if you will address our pastor, Rev. F. O. Hall,

he will see that it is handed to us. I can hardly finish without telling you what our work is for this week. They hunted up a poor family, with but little money or food, and then met to see what they could send them for a Thanksgiving dinner. A merry crowd were they while deciding what they should take them. And such a list of goodies! nothing forgotten, not even the salt, and all given "In His Name." God bless our girls!

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

OUR club was started a year and a half ago, taking the Ten Times One mottoes. We call ourselves the "Day by Day Club," and have fourteen members. We try each day to do some deed of kindness, if we have a chance. Our meetings are held every three weeks during about half of the year.

Last winter we studied about Japan, and sent fifteen dollars to the Japanese girls' school at Yokohama. We sent also a Christmas box to a colored school, flowers to the Flower Mission in summer, and this Christmas we have sent again a box to another colored school; have made bags for Christmas presents to sailors, and each girl has raised a Chinese sacred lily in water. They are nearly in blossom now, and are to be given away on Christmas day to sick or lonely people. We are also sewing on aprons for children in a free Kindergarten in New York.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

OUR Sunday School, as a whole "Lend a Hand Club," has, with the aid of the *Christian Union*, procured and framed handsomely forty-five pictures for the walls of the Insane Asylum at Salem, Oregon; among them, that purchased by Miss Atwood's class, the Siena Mission Class, was particularly beautiful. The Sunday School tries to do something like this everywhere, and next Christmas hopes to have a gift for the Chemawa Indian Training School. Last year it was a Christmas box to the Little Crows.

OUR readers will notice that the leader of the Siena Mission Class is Miss Atwood, and not Miss Spalding, as we stated in a recent issue.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

WE had a sale in the parlors of our church, and it far surpassed our expectations. We took in all twenty-five dollars and four cents, and, now all bills are paid, we have a balance of fifteen dollars and twenty-five cents on hand. We all think we did very well for so short a time, and only six members besides myself.

We have taken as our name, "The Willing Workers," and our motto, a difficult one to follow, "Willing in every good thought and deed." When I asked if they thought they would be willing, they answered, "We will try." Our color, of course, is royal purple.

Now we have something to start with, we are looking for some poor family we can look after, and bring into our Sunday School.

We will start with the New Year and take the *Look-out*. I like it very much, and one member can read while the others are sewing.

EASTON, PA.

WE are the Whatsoever Lend a Hand Club of Easton. Some who were on the roll absented themselves so much that their names have been dropped; now we number but seven. But these are energetic workers, and we feel strong. We have tried to do what we could. There was a man named Mr. Grant who met with a sad accident while tunnelling coal. The coal fell on him and broke his back. Since then he has been on his back. We often would go out and work in the garden which his wife manages. We took books, and he delights in studying geography. When we go out there he often puzzles us on some question that he has learned from it.

But the work we most delight in is in the worst part of the city, rather outside the city limits. Every Friday evening at seven o'clock a committee, before appointed, goes over to our rooms. Most always we have four or five King's Sons there. We have two stoves, and plenty of games and papers. The house is used for a Mission Sunday School, and has benches. We make tables by putting two sticks across the tops of the benches and then lay boards on them. The first night we had about fifteen boys there. The next week we decided to make a club and call it the Friday Night Club. We had a few rules, and, after reading them, we asked the boys to come up and sign their names. Thirteen came up, all who were present, and

promised to obey the rules. Their names were then put down. One of the boys did not know how to spell his own name. Since then seven more have joined. It is remarkable what little trouble we have. There are some who do not like to mind, but the rest are so much in our favor that they know enough to stop when spoken to.

Miss M. often goes to these meetings. The boys respect her very much, and she uses her influence in one way particularly: she impresses the idea that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." At first the boys were filthy, but now they take a pride in clean hands. At Christmas we gave them a treat in the way of a magic lantern exhibition. The boys enjoyed it very much.

DIED JAN. 12, 1890,

MARCUS DE WITT JONES,

At his home in Easton, Pa.

BRIGHT, handsome, talented, extremely lovable, and so extremely popular, life to him was radiant with promise. Active and earnest in working In His Name, a career of great usefulness seemed open before him, when, at the early age of eighteen, God called him to Himself — to serve Him above.

By his death the Lend a Hand Club of Easton loses one of its most cherished members. Active in its organization, he was, to the last, one of its most interested and willing workers, and beautiful are the memories of the many kind and loving deeds which his heart prompted, and his hand was so quick to execute. The first secretary of the club, it owes much of its present development to his thorough and conscientious devotion to the cause; and the duties of this position were only abandoned when, it being necessary for him to engage in active business, he could not get away in the evenings to regularly attend the meetings. Since then he has come when he could, and always, and everywhere, in his bright, cheerful way, he Lent a Hand. His last free evening from the store was spent at the club meeting, where he showed an active interest in its plans and efforts. The next day the fatal illness manifested itself, and now He, whose badge he wore, in whose Name he ministered to others, has taken him to

Himself, and he has entered into the joy of his Lord. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these] my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THE OUGHT-TO-BE-OGRAPHY OF OUR CLUB.

[Annotated by a member with realistic tendencies.]

THIS club came into being in July, 1888, when three young women, living together in a city boarding-house, found two others sick from overwork, and almost without money. We supposed we were carrying out the Ten Times One rule in the method of raising this money, but, in deference to public opinion, we no longer confess how it was raised.

At our request, they were entertained for a month at the sanitarium on Lowell Island. While they were gone we raised money for their needs, and, at their return to the city, sent them to a quiet farm-house for a fortnight more. At the end of this time we found them a boarding-place, and helped in the payment of their board till they were again able to work.

The landlady told the other boarders that they were supported by charity, and a battle ensued.

As winter came on we helped them to buy warm wraps. One sent us word that the only thing that seemed to her to be suitable was a seal plush cloak, which we had not given her money enough to buy.

Since that time we have only kept them in sight, and given advice occasionally.

As Christmas drew near, we applied to the doctor in charge of a city dispensary for the names of children who "wouldn't have any Christmas." From the long list she submitted to us we selected ten, for whom we bought toys and some articles of clothing. The two members of the club who carried these to the poor families on Christmas Eve think that the others (our membership is now five) do not know the real joy of Christmas.

One of these families pleased us so much that we kept up our acquaintance, and tried in various ways to be "neighborly."

We presently found that these same pleasing traits had placed them, at one time or another, on the list of every charity in the city, and they finally moved away without letting us know where they were going.

Here occurred a time when the members were unable to meet. But in July we gathered our forces sufficiently to send two children to spend a fortnight in the country.

We interested our country correspondents in one family of children; and when all arrangements were made, and we went for the children, they had gone to the country already under the charge of another organization, and we had to send other children.

Recently we have undertaken to supply needed clothing to a little girl who was named to us by one of the agents of the Associated Charities.

We bought her a dress, which her mother offered to cut. We agreed, and sent the material. The cutting has never been done, and the child has now been presented with a dress, already made, by another person.

Our last enterprise was the sending of Christmas presents to the children (colored) of a large school at the South. On the 10th of December we heard that they had as yet no provision for the Christmas celebration. We had a little money in our treasury, and we appealed to the friends nearest us, and met with a ready response. On the 13th we were able to fill a barrel to overflowing with toys, books, and clothing, and the next day it started on its way. We have just received a grateful letter from one of the teachers of the school, which also explains more fully their situation and needs, and we hope soon to be able to do more for them.

Nothing has as yet occurred to mar our serenity over this achievement.

MONTHLY REPORT.

THE monthly meeting of the new Charity Committee was held at the office of this journal on the last Monday in February. The duty of this committee is to receive and act upon proposals which are made to the United Clubs.

Nine ladies were present, with Mr. Hale. The following report was presented:—

“The value of such a meeting for consultation as this is shown by the business which has been brought in here in the last month.

“1. We have organized the Lend a Hand Home and Day Nursery, and it is now open at the Murdock Hospital in Gainsborough Street. The South Friendly Society is the largest contributor, having offered to pay two hundred dollars for the services of four months. I have said that I thought our other clubs would furnish two hundred dollars more, and I shall ask you to call upon them for some effort in this direction.

“2. We have in hand the case referred to in our last number of an artist who has been ill with nervous prostration. There is about twenty-five dollars in hand which has been contributed for her, but what is really more needed, is orders for enlarging photographs.

“3. A public-spirited gentleman in Boston sends the following letter, to which I beg your attention:—

Feb. 21, 1890.

TO THE EDITOR OF LEND A HAND:—

I have been thinking of two or three projects which seem to me would be public benefits, and I turn to you first to see if they meet with your approval.

1. My first is this: That some arrangements be made with several coal dealers to sell coal by the bushel to the poor at no

greater charge than ten per cent. above the cost per ton. Probably a little effort could secure several agencies in the city of this kind, and it would be a great relief to those poor people who have to pay exorbitant prices. Probably you will know just the parties already organized to carry out such a project.

2. Another project I have for the poor is to furnish cheaper and better dwellings than they now have, in the following way: Letting a dozen or more men organize a tenement-house savings bank, where the poor might get from three to four per cent. for their money, and this same money be used in building better houses for them, where they should not be charged more than from six to eight per cent. of the cost as rentage, just enough more than what they receive for their money to warrant the buildings being kept in repair, and to pay for vacant rooms. I should be very glad to be one of a dozen or more to guarantee such help. I have been informed by parties owning tenement houses that the highest rate they got for their money is from just these houses. Now, it seems to me a pity that those who are least able to pay high rent should have to pay the highest. This project is intended merely to protect the poor, not by charity, but by allowing them to help themselves.

3. There is another scheme still that I would like to see carried into effect, that of securing to working-girls better homes at lower rates of board. I should like to join in any effort to build or rent several small houses, accommodating perhaps twenty-five or thirty people, in various parts of the city, and have them fitted up with a good library and comfortable rooms, board not to exceed three dollars a week. I should like to have a good matron over every home, who would carefully look after the comforts and interests of the girls, and assist somewhat in interesting them in a course of reading. I should like again, in time, that this project should be under the management of the girls themselves by co-operative work, but they cannot start it.

Now, you know a hundred people who would gladly join in these schemes, no doubt. If I can be of service in any of them, I should be only too glad to aid. Perhaps you will be able to give me some valuable suggestion, if you approve of them.

Sincerely yours, B.

4. The invalid referred to in the February magazine has

been sent to the South, all the money needed having been contributed.

"5. I would call attention to the offer referred to in my report of January for a home for convalescents, with special reference to another case of nervous prostration referred to us by a correspondent."

Mrs. Whitman then submitted several letters, and asked the instruction of the committee on the different points suggested by them.

In almost every instance the representatives of clubs present were able to suggest some action. This happened so aptly in many cases as to show the value of such a monthly meeting of people who are interested in our enterprises.

FATHER DAMIEN.

[Mr. Edward Clifford makes the following communication to the *London Daily Telegraph* in refutation of the recent attacks upon the memory of Father Damien. Mr. Clifford visited the dying priest last winter, and his testimony must receive complete credence in the matter. It is not necessary to discuss the spirit in which these attacks were made. They are fully answered here:]

AS CERTAIN hostile reports about Father Damien's character and work seem to be circulated here and in America, I venture to send a few lines to your paper instead of replying to the several attacks. Since my return from America, the post has continually brought me indignant letters containing newspaper paragraphs. I will not, for obvious reasons, quote the libel, but will simply state the following facts:

I have in my possession the official report of the Hawaiian Board of Health, which contains an account of Father Damien's reforms among the lepers at Molokai. The story of his improving their dwellings, supplying them with water, clothing them, doctoring them, and ridding them of intoxication is there printed in Father Damien's own words, with corroborative testimony. The report also shows how generously and wisely the Government behaved toward him and the lepers.

As to his own dwelling, I always found it fresh and airy, and though I was a great deal in his company I never observed any signs of dirtiness or coarseness in his manner of living.

I noticed that the lepers were extremely attached to him, and always clustered round whenever he appeared. His manner with them was cheery and playful, and he loved to encourage them in their simple amusements, especially in music.

He had made enemies by his war against vice and intoxicants, and I fear that his being a Roman Catholic made some people very restless if he was praised. I heard faint attacks on his moral character when I was in the Sandwich Islands, and I made it my business to inquire of officials and of persons who were unfriendly to him what evidence could be produced on the subject. All whom I questioned admitted that the evidence was quite unreliable, and as I had abundant proof of his being a pure and good man, I came to the conclusion that the reports must be entirely disbelieved. My opinion has been confirmed by recently reading a private letter from one of his assailants. I received from Father Damien's own lips a perfectly satisfactory account of his contracting the disease.

There was ample opportunity of bringing any charges against him during his lifetime. It is to be deplored that the good minister who has attacked him should have waited till the victim lay silent among the people whom he died to save. It is, of course, impossible for me or any one else to prove that Father Damien's youth was pure. I believe that it was. But if it was not, I hope that there are few men who would try to rake up old scandals about a man whose life and slow martyrdom were so unquestionably heroic.

There exist Christians in almost every sect of the universal church who consider it a religious duty to attack the characters of those who differ from them theologically. But the large majority considers it wiser, better, and happier to allow even an enemy to be praised if he was really good and died nobly.

INTELLIGENCE.

RAMABAI ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of the Ramabai Association will be held in Boston March 11th, in Trinity Rooms, at 3 p. m. This date has been selected as being the anniversary of the opening of the Sharada Sadan, and also to allow ample time for full accounts of the school to arrive from both Ramabai and Miss Hamlin. The meeting will be one of unusual interest. The success of the school is undoubted. From every side come letters endorsing the school and its line of work. It is especially desirable that representatives of Circles should be present. The undertaking is limited only by the state of the treasury and the interest of American women. A full treasury and enthusiastic earnestness means extension of work and uplifting, educating, Christianizing India.

We give below an extract from a letter recently received from Miss Hamlin :—

“SHARADA SADAN, Dec. 25, 1889.

“We are laboring hard for three widows, who will be such an acquisition to the school, if we can only secure them. One is a girl of fifteen from the Mysore School, a gentle, gazelle-like creature; she used to visit us at the school, and was very fond of clinging to me, clasping my hand in both hers, and talking in broken English. Three weeks ago her husband, who was trained as a lawyer, and had been a judge, became very ill. I saw the child after the illness began, and her whole appearance had changed. Thirteen days ago he died, but before his death sent for Ramabai. When she arrived he could not speak, and so the message was undelivered. Rama-

bai was at the house immediately after the death, and she it is who has comforted the poor widow ever since. The usual disfigurement and ill-treatment of the widow was postponed for ten days, as often happens, and Ramabai held herself in readiness to fly to the rescue of the poor child if any outrage were attempted. The other morning at three o'clock a messenger came for her, saying that the priests were at the house, and the dark hair, which these Hindu girls prize as they do their lives, was to be shorn. Ramabai sent for the police, and the family was threatened with two years' imprisonment at hard labor if their design was carried out. So the case stands.

"The girl wishes to come to the school, but is afraid. The guardian in her case is a bigoted uncle, who will demand the utmost fulfillment of the religious law, unless we can circumvent him in some way. A friend has promised help, but, carefully as we watch, we are afraid the child will be spirited away to Nassik, one of the holy cities of the Brahmins, and the design thus carried out.

"Another is a young widow whom I mentioned in one of my letters. Her father promised her. We expected her the next morning, when we learned that the father-in-law had 'changed his mind,' and so the father weakened. But we are trying to secure the girl. She it was who asked if she might not 'run away' and come to the school, but Ramabai counselled patience.

"A third case is three days old, a veritable Nicodemus, who comes secretly, if not by night. She is somewhat older, a young woman, with the brown eyes which, in our race, are to be found with golden hair. She found her way here with two young men of the 'School of Technical Studies,' who are greatly interested in her. One told me that she was a brilliant woman, and that, instead of weeping all the time, he had advised her to come here to study. Father and father-in-law stoutly oppose her, and if she comes she must give up all family ties. She does not see her way clearly, and she cannot decide until she tries to win them over. We do not know her name, nor whence she comes.

"We have great sympathy for these girls. Family ties are nowhere stronger than in India; religious feeling is equally so, and the step taken for the sake of education is such a departure from the frigid and iron-bound customs of the people, that it is not strange they hesitate and oftentimes fail. We find it very difficult to reach them. We must see the men, and we must go at unusual hours to see them. Then they must consult relatives and relatives-at-law. Then the women are more bigoted than the men, and are greater sticklers for the fulfillment of religious duties than men, because of their desire to be born again as men. Many of them are perfect termagants in their own families, ruling their husbands as well as their daughters-in-law with a rod of iron. A native gentleman says that many a man who is brave in public in regard to re-marriage laws, and laws for later marriage of girls, is a poltroon before his family, and he refers to lawyers and judges. He says that they do not dare confess to their woman-kind what they may say in public in favor of a measure of such a kind. A man who marries a widow is socially ostracized, and the consequences to these genial, friendly people are fearful. There is no hope for these High Castes except in education, and I believe that through them, through the widows, India is to be redeemed."

MR. T. JEFFERSON COOLIDGE, JR., Bay State Trust Co., 87 Boylston Street, Boston, is the treasurer of the Ramabai Association, and will gladly receive money to be devoted to general expenses, or to the building fund, as may be desired by the giver. Particulars with regard to the work may be had by addressing Miss A. P. Granger, secretary, Canandaigua, N. Y.

A BOOK FOR READERS.

BY DAVID C. TORREY.

It is very seldom that young readers comprehend the nature of education; and perhaps this is not strange, when the larger portion of the so-called educators have never learned to distinguish between a thinking mind and a mind stuffed with facts. Nothing is more deceptive than the common notion that young people who have been through the public schools, and through higher schools, are, of necessity, educated; one may have been through the schools and yet never have either experienced a worthy thought of his own or comprehended a great thought of another. The secret of modern education is to use books to stimulate independent activity of mind. The self-educated men are those who have caught this secret outside of schools and colleges; and those in schools who do not catch it are never educated. It was no disadvantage to David Livingstone that his book-rest was a spinning-frame, and that he was compelled to catch a line at a time, as he followed the spinning-mule on its journeys back and forth. While the mule was making its journeys David Livingstone wove into his own mental web the thoughts which he snatched from the pages of the book. An education is not the result of much reading, but of reading a few good books thoughtfully. The first duty is to select the few good books. The Sunday School novels must go, along with a mass of even more pernicious literature; and in this way at least ninety-nine of every hundred books in existence will be disposed of. There will, however, still be left more thoroughly good books than one can read in a life-time; and the reader must yet decide which of the good books he wishes to read. This is a legitimate subject on which to take advice, and I know of no

more practical suggestions than those in Mary E. Burt's "Landmarks in Literature," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. In these days, when it is the fashion to baby the growing readers, and to dilute their literary food until it is unfit to either nourish or stimulate their minds, it is refreshing to hear the Spartan-like suggestions made by Miss Burt. She thinks more young people are in danger from no study than are in danger from over study; the one who reads too much is to be pitied next to the one that does not read at all. Miss Burt thinks readers start with good literary stomachs, and that it is folly to spoil the appetite and digestion with literary sweet-meats. The child naturally likes Homer as well as Dotty Dimple. Miss Burt believes in beginning with the best — with classics, even Greek and Latin, in translations — and continuing to the end of life with the best literature of all ages. "Literary Landmarks" presents a large list of thoroughly good books, as well as this plan for reading among them systematically. It is, I think, one of the hundred books worth reading, because it contains an invaluable lesson, in a form so brief and concise that a reader can easily comprehend it.

TO SAVE THE BOYS.

THE Burnham Industrial Farm is organized to save unruly boys. It is established on Christian principles, and its motto is: "Christ, the Corner-Stone."

The farm is five hundred and eighty acres in extent, most of it is situated in New York, and a few acres in Massachusetts. It was formerly an old Shaker settlement, and there are a number of buildings which have been made to answer for the purposes of an industrial community; they are already far from adequate to the needs, and others must be speedily added.

The farm is organized on the family plan of Wichern, so successfully carried on at the Rauhe Haus in Germany, and the system of awards and punishments is that of Mettray. There is a department of manual training for the boys, and those showing special aptness will be taught full trades, others will be taken only so far in the learning of trades as will fit them to enter as apprentices upon specially favorable conditions. Some will be taught to be farmers, some to be gardeners, all will be taught that labor is ennobling, and adds not only to the success of a man's life, but to his dignity in this world.

The farm was established in May, 1887, its charter having been obtained the previous February. The charter gives very full powers to a board of trustees, made up at present of the following ladies and gentlemen: Samuel D. Babcock, president; Lewis L. Delafield, secretary; Frederick G. Burnham, assistant treasurer; W. W. Lockwood, Charlton T. Lewis, Dorman B. Eaton, Mrs. Howard Townsend, Miss Arria Huntington, Maurice E. Viele, Mrs. Benjamin F. Church, and W. M. F. Round, who is the managing director of the institution.

The office of the Burnham Industrial Farm is at 135 East Fifteenth Street, New York.

The farm itself stretches out along the banks of Lake Queechy, in Columbia County, and under the morning shadow of Perry's Peak; is hardly more than an hour's drive from Pittsfield or Lenox. It is in the region of pure air and lovely fields and forests; there is everything ennobling and inspiring in the surroundings.

The farm is in a fairly good state of cultivation, and something like fifty head of cattle are kept. Many pleasant associations are already gathered at this nearly new charity; not the least of which is its cordial relationship to the Rauhe House, the principles of which are the dominant motives of its life. Mr. Round is the friend and correspondent of the younger Wichern, and has studied the principles of this noble man at the fountain head, near Hamburg.

Already steps have been taken to build up a brotherhood of Christian laborers in this work; to make a training school for those who wish to enter upon institutional work in its different phases, in the name of Christ. Already a number of promising young men have consecrated their lives to this work, and by the first of January will be actively engaged at the Burnham Industrial Farm.

In this brotherhood there is no asceticism, and the only vows taken are rather of the nature of pledges, entered upon first for a period of six months and afterwards for three years. The first requisite being a zealous love for Christ, and a willingness to work for Him in unpaid service. Second, a promise of strict obedience to the principles of the brotherhood, and of entire simplicity of life.

At the end of three years those who have entered the brotherhood will be fitted for taking positions in institutions. There will have been trained institutional managers, institutional book-keepers, institutional carpenters, clerks, laundrymen, gardeners, and farmers, so that it is intended after a time a whole institution could be fitted out with its employes from the brotherhood at Queechy.

For its support the farm depends on voluntary subscriptions; it appeals to all people who are interested in saving boys by taking them from a bad environment and training them to habits of sobriety and industry.

There are no walls about the Burnham Farm; everything is as free as the air of the hills; there are scarcely locks on the doors, and yet boys go there—depraved boys from the slums, unruly and erring from good homes, liars, swearers, and little wanderers from all parts of the country,—and stay there, and lead sweet and clean lives, and learn to be honest and pure and upright.

The farm has been established now two years last May; it has had fifty-two boys, and more than twenty of these have, after a training of a year or more, been sent back to their parents cured of all bad tendencies, and upright and honest.

The capacity of the farm to receive boys is only limited by its means. It needs a new house for the gardener and the farm-boys who will gather about him in learning the trade of gardening. To build this house and furnish it will cost eighteen hundred dollars. When it is done ten more boys can be taken. The farm needs five hundred dollars to build a greenhouse, and when this is received the greenhouse will be at once built, and seven or eight boys will find occupation in growing flowers, earning their own living in this beautiful work. It needs also three hundred dollars at once to carry on its scheme of musical instruction for the boys, for in the uplifting of these boys much dependence is placed upon music. It needs clothes for the boys, books for them, reading matter of all kinds; it needs horses to draw wood, for the horses at present on the farm are taxed to their utmost strength; it needs stock for its barns, for the farm can carry twice as much stock as it now has; it needs food for the boys, flour and sugar, and such useful groceries as are used in any farmer's family; in fact, nothing comes amiss in a great family like this, and above all it needs the prayers and moral support of Christian men and women. It needs money for the daily care and sustenance of its inmates.

Already boys are being pressed forward to its gates who cannot be taken because of insufficient means. Remember, my reader, that this article is not an article merely to describe the Burnham Industrial Farm — it is the cry of some boy who needs to be saved; it is the cry of some mother who loves her boy and wants him saved; it is the cry of some father who says that he can no longer manage his boy, who does not like to speak of him, who is too poor to send him to a school to be taken care of, and who does not like to put upon him the stigma of a penal institution.

Is not this cry of this boy, and this mother, and this father, these who have this burden of sorrow and of poverty upon their hearts, to find a response in the Christian heart of those generous people? I have said it was the cry of a boy, of a father, of a mother, but back of this it is the cry of Another who stretches forth hands to those who profess to love Him, and to honor Him, and in these hands we see prints of nails, and the voice that comes to us has in it the echo of that sweetness which said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven," and which, when laying the burden of tender philanthropy upon the hearts of His followers, gave with the command the motive for its obedience, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." So, dear reader, whoever you are, in the name of the Saviour of men, there comes a call to you from the Burnham Farm to save these boys.

FOR THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

MEDICAL AID ASSOCIATION.

A LARGE and successful association has been formed in Providence, called the Rhode Island Workingmen's Medical Aid Association. The following circular shows its objects and methods of work.

1. The purpose of the association is to secure medical and surgical attendance for workingmen and their families by a system of regular contributions, through mill or shop committees, the scale of prices having been fixed, at a reduced rate, with well-known doctors, by the Executive Committee.

Both schools of practice are to serve the contributors, together with dentists and certain specialists.

2. A ticket of membership will be given every contributor by the secretary of the Shop Committee, on receipt of the first contribution. This ticket will show the date of membership, and of each contribution.

After the first three months the mill and shop committees will receive tickets for contributors, payable to any doctor on the association's list.

These tickets will be given out by the committees in proportion to the contributions in each shop or mill.

3. This method of relief, for every class of people, wherever employed, will secure great benefits at a moderate cost, and enable the workingman (and woman) to pay a doctor's bill without a heavy burden when it is the hardest to bear.

The association asks contributors to organize in every place where men and women are employed. Appoint a committee to confer with the association's officers and Executive Committee.

REMEMBER: The aim is not charity, but a means of self-help when sick, by small contributions when well.

4. [Then follows a list of twenty-seven physicians, many of them among the most accomplished in the country, on

whom members of the Rhode Island Workingmen's Medical Aid Association may call. Other physicians will take the tickets of the association on application by a member.

5. Where a star marks a name, the physician may be called to attend the families of members of the association, at a rate agreed upon between the physician and the association.

This fee must be paid by the family.

The terms for attendance are known to the Factory Committee, and will be explained to members.

6. Is a list of dentists and pharmacists arranged like the list in 4.

WOMEN BLESS AND BRIGHTEN.

WOMAN will bless and brighten every place she enters, and she will enter every place on the round earth. The final test of its fitness to survive, that every human institution must submit to some day, will be its welcome of her presence and her power. — *Frances E. Willard.*

THE MAN WITH A GRUDGE.

BY MISS S. H. PALFREY.

THERE once was a man who bore a Grudge.

Stoutly he bore it many a year.

“Beware!” said the parson. He answered, “Fudge!

Well it becomes me; never fear.

“Men for this world, and saints for heaven;

‘Give as you get’ is a good old rule.

My loaf shall rise with a livelier leaven;

Too much of meekness shows a fool.”

The longer he bore it, the more it grew,

Grew his grudge, as he trudged along;

Till in sight of a pearly gate he drew,

And he heard within it a wondrous song.

The shining porter said, “Walk in.”

He sought to do so; the gate was straight.

Hard he struggled his way to win.

The way was narrow; the grudge was great.

He turned in haste then to lay it down;

He strove to tear it away — to cut,

But it had fast to his heart-strings grown.

“Oh, wait!” he cried; but the door was shut.

Through windows, bright and clear, he saw

The blessed going with their Lord to sup.

But Satan laid on his grudge a claw;

Hell opened her mouth and swallowed him up.

REPORTS OF CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS.

BOSTON.—*Hospital Newspaper Society*. Annual Report. *Chairman of Committee*, Mrs. Hartman Kuhn. The Society sends newspapers, periodicals, Christmas cards, etc., to hospitals and public institutions. Current expenses, \$464.74; balance on hand, \$176.11.

BOSTON.—*New England Hospital for Women and Children*. Annual Report. *President*, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney; *Secretary*, Miss Ellen E. Farnham. The Hospital is for women and children, who are treated by women physicians. A dispensary and training school for nurses are also carried on. Current expenses, \$35,279.70; balance on hand, \$10,910.98.

BOSTON.—*Children's Hospital*. Twenty-first Annual Report. *President*, Robert C. Winthrop; *Secretary*, Francis H. Brown. A Hospital where children may be received and have the best of medical and surgical treatment. Current expenses, \$67,954.35; balance on hand, \$3,993.82.

BOSTON.—*Convalescent Home of the Children's Hospital*. Annual Report. *President*, Mrs. R. C. Winthrop; *Secretary*, Mrs. T. B. Curtis. A suburban Home where children may be sent from the hospital to recuperate and grow strong. Current expenses, \$1,459.65; balance on hand, \$4,964.20.

BOSTON.—*North End Diet Kitchen*. Annual Report. *Chairman of Committee*, Mrs. James Brown. The Kitchen supplies the nourishing diet needed by the sick poor on presentation of a Diet Order. Current expenses, \$2,545.23; balance on hand, \$24.51.

NEWARK, N. J.—*Female Charitable Society*. Eighty-sixth Annual Report. *President*, Mrs. J. H. Knowles; *Secretary*, Mrs. A. F. R. Martin. An undenominational Society for the "relief of the poor and distressed persons in the village of Newark." Current expenses, \$13,244.78; balance on hand, \$902.53.

NEW YORK.—*House of Rest for Consumptives*. Twentieth Annual Report. *President*, Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, D. D., LL. D.; *Secretary*, William Harold Brown. A Home intended solely for consumptives situated outside of New York City. Current expenses, \$36,926.79; balance on hand, \$584.09.

NEW YORK.—*Young Friends' Aid Association*. Sixteenth Annual Report. *President*, James Foulke; *Secretary*, Jennie C. Kitchin. An Association to relieve poverty and abolish pauperism. Current expenses, \$1,115.26; balance on hand, \$191.37.

NEW YORK.—*Children's Aid Society*. Thirty-seventh Annual Report. *President*, William A. Booth; *Secretary*, Charles L. Brace. The Society finds homes for destitute children, and engages in branches of work to especially aid them. Current expenses, \$261,914.18; balance on hand, \$1,412.83.

SAN FRANCISCO.—*Golden Gate Kindergarten Association*. Tenth Annual Report. *President*, Mrs. Leland Stanford; *Secretary*, Miss Ella L. Adams. The Society supports nineteen kindergartens free to the poor children who come from the most wretched homes. Current expenses, \$17,405.20; balance on hand, \$7,890.72.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW ISSUES.

AMES, LUCIA T. *Memoirs of a Millionaire.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

BIRNEY, CATHERINE H. *The Grimke Sisters.* Boston: Lee & Shepard.

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